60¢
NOV. 15

VOGUE

YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE SEASON:

GREAT EVENING LOOKS...
GREAT COIFFURES...
THE EXTRAVAGANT NIGHT FACE...
BEAUTY TIPS

DEEP-WINTER DASH:
SKI CLOTHES FOR SKIERS...FOR SNOW-WATCHERS

STEICHEN:
THE ARTIST AT HOME

"A TOWN NO SCANDAL CAN SHAKE"
BY MARTHA GELLHORN



ADVANCED EDITION

there's
that
woman
again... in a

Dalton

What makes this three piece suit so important? Styling first. Easy. Casual. Elegant. Timeless, too. Importance in the fine wool double knit that travels light, feels right whatever the clime. Note the nuance in jacket detailing. Not too much. But enough to make it fashionably notable this season. And thank heavens for the marvelous overblouse with its deep-deep back zipper closing. Who makes this ensemble important? Dalton and you.

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Fieldcrest.

COORDINATED FASHIONS
FOR BED AND BATH

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

NOVEMBER 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: You and the night and the season—and here, one of the great evening looks that could make all three memorable, shining: St. Laurent's romantic and beautiful evening costume. A long skirt, a top like a little mediaeval tabard, in heavy eggshell satin; the top buttoned at the back over a close-fitting sweater of silvery mesh, like weightless chain mail—turtlenecked, sleeved, embroidered all over with a shimmer of crystal, topaz, blue. Costume by St. Laurent in Abraham double-faced silk satin; I. Magnin. Lipstick: Helena Rubinstein's Italian Pink; enhancing the eyes, her Long-Lash, in black.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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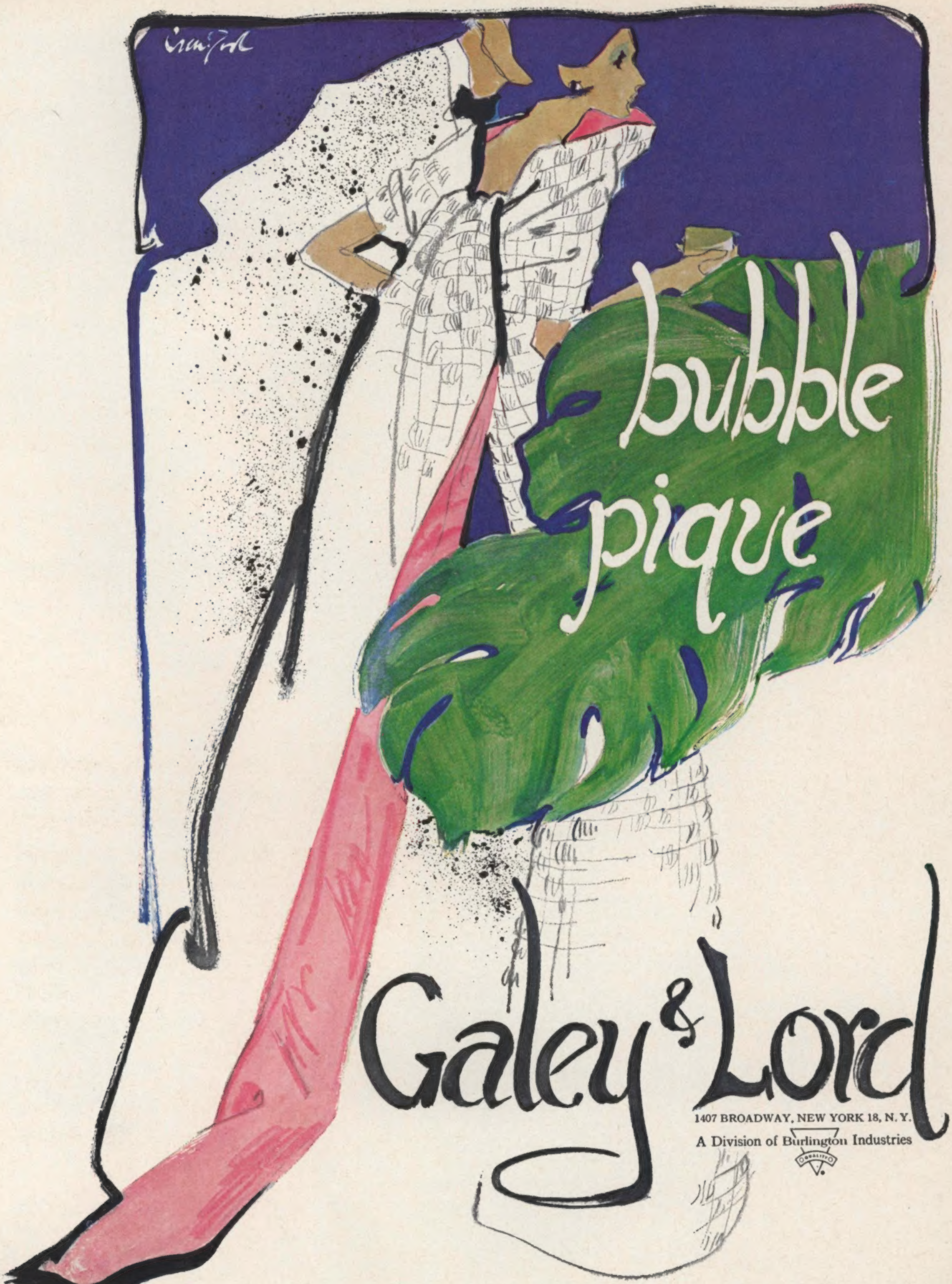
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LIPSTICK AND NAIL SATIN: MAX FACTOR'S NEW "ONCE UPON A RED"

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Word from the set

A hair idea begun as a part of Cecil Beaton's concept of how Audrey Hepburn and the Ascot chorus should look for the movie, *My Fair Lady*, has spread all over the Warner Brothers lot—and beyond. Judging by the contagion, the look could turn out to be the next big influence above the neckline; could be immortalized in the next way wigs are shaped. What it is is hair pinned up to jut out elaborately at the back of the head—not skyward, but rather pointing straight back, horizonward. Evidently all the extras on the movie set have taken up the look; are vying with one another for the most jutting coiffure; are wearing the look off the set at night. As for the hats that hover over this beguiling exaggeration of hair, they're "like great birds or flowers," according to Audrey Hepburn, who loves wearing them—which is what she does in a special preview of the Cecil Beaton costumes for *My Fair Lady* in Vogue's December issue. . . .

"... overcoat of gloss"

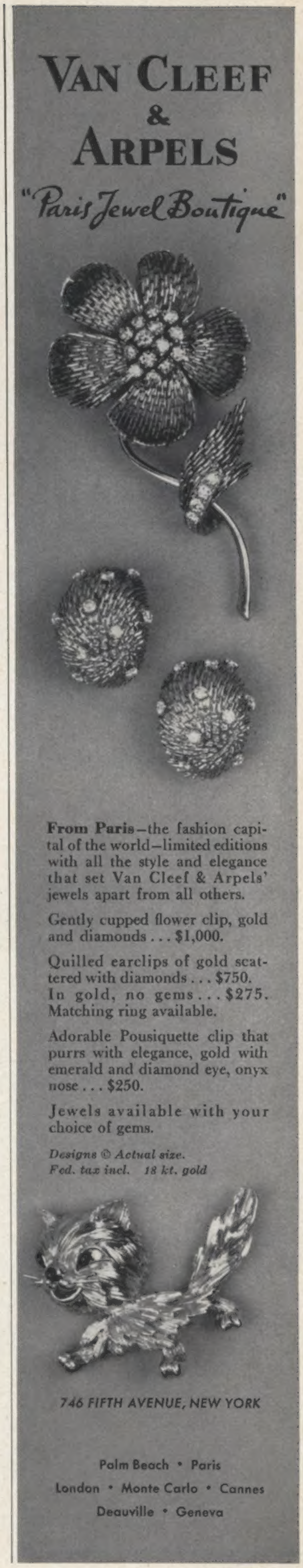
What do we mean, exactly, when we use the phrase quoted at left to describe something to put over lipstick (see page 89 for the quote—in context). We could mean lots of things, but the fact of the matter is: we've found that Revlon's Sun Stick, a moisturizer pomade designed to protect the lips during beach or ski exposure, makes a perfectly charming moon stick as well. Without distorting the lipstick's colour, without starting a run on the lipstick's grip of things, a coat of the moisturizer adds a little lustre in the simplest way. . . .

Vogue re rouge

"The trouble with you magazine girls," an executive of one of the world's great cosmetics houses said to us the other day, "is that you hit on a good idea and then you drop it." Even though this view of fashion magazine editors somehow summoned up briefly in our mind an accelerated group of Bemelmans Madelines—longer of tooth by some inches—trooping through a park of enchanted jars and bottles, we were actually rather pleased to be accused of dilettantism. We'd just been thinking over the year now passing and had wondered whether we'd been driving our readers crazy with our relentless insistence upon rouge, rouge, rouge. Having started the year with what we called "The Face of the Year," a face brought out of the shadows, out of a persistent smog of pallor, by way of rouge applied all over the face, we reported each new rouge evolution as it came along. Among the first to banish pallor in a big way was Revlon's Blush On—a fat, powdery cake of rouge to be whisked on with a paintbrush-sized brush. Then there were the entubed cream and liquid rouges, the fluffed-up slippery rouges in pots; then a stream of liquid watercolour rouge-washes called blushers, which made their appearance, generally, in pretty little bottles. As the year turned to summer, we were rouging again, this time in conjunction with suntan oils and lotions, and flogging rouges as the best way to keep a suntan from going green. Deep in the autumn, we were back with still another battery of delicate face-brighteners—in the October 1 issue, Max Factor's Pastel Tint foundation rouges in tubes. Still rouging for all we're worth, under make-up foundations and over them, we're pleased to report Germaine Monteil's compact of bleached rouge called Color Blend. And now we've come full circle with news of Revlon's Blush On which is ready in a small oblong box with a small brush, for handbag interiors. Rouge in 1964? We think it's still great news. . . .

Ambiance—the idea's catching

It's begun to take hold: the idea of scent in depth; the use of a single scent in every form in which that scent exists. Proof-of-the-moment is that some women have begun to take to their hairdressers their own supplies of certain hairdressing aids in which the fragrance matters to the wearer. We envision a day when more and more of the celebrated scents appear in more and more mediums. Right now, the first of the hair sprays built around an adored fragrance goes right along to the hairdresser to keep the scent picture consistent. . . .




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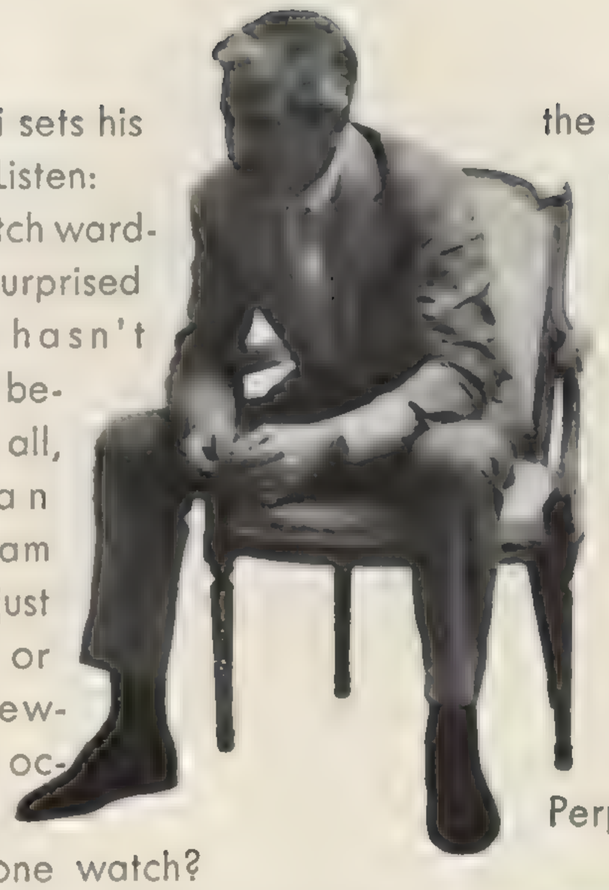
NINA RICCI




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"I've always held that elegance is the art of understatement. I find no need for extravagant decoration on my clothes. Clothes should be functional and elegant and have a decided regal feel about them. Watches should be no different. They should fit within the framework of good taste and refinement but should have a little understated spirit of their own.

"A watch wardrobe would be a sensible purchase for any woman. It certainly isn't a luxury. It's a necessity."

The Rolex Watch Wardrobe costs $495.00 f.t.i. It includes: (1) For casual wear: an Oyster Perpetual (waterproof*, self-winding), glittering stainless steel case, 17-jewel movement, sweep second hand, leather strap.



(2) For afternoon wear: a 14k yellow gold case with matching bracelet, faceted sapphire crystal, 17-jewel movement. (3) For evening wear: octagonal case of 14k white gold, four full-cut diamonds, faceted crystal, 17-jewel movement, grey cord. The case is black and gold brocade. A gold plaque on the lid is reserved for engraving.



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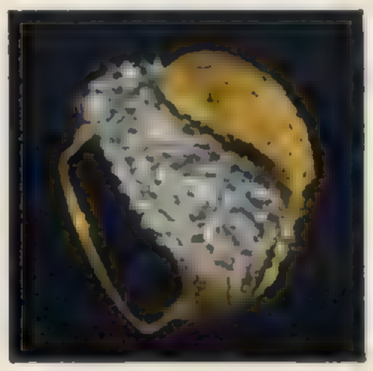
FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"--SEE LAST PAGE

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Virginia Thoren-Rice

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2. Muffler with a double dimension: grey-and-blue silk foulard on one side; navy-blue cashmere on the other. $25. By and at Countess Mara. Also at Lewis & Thos. Salz.
3. Indian silk robe, striped in brilliant blue to wear north or south. By and at Countess Mara. About $50. Also at Maus & Hoffman; Neiman-Marcus.
4. Great little gadget for busy tycoon, or amateur spy, hi-fi buff, astronaut. Sony Superscope portable tape recorder with batteries, carrying case. $250. Liberty Music Shops.
5. New marvel of the transistor age: hand-size FM/AM Sony 8-transistor radio. Batteries, earphones, carrying case, included. About $40. Liberty Music Shops; Neiman-Marcus.
6. Pyjamas of brilliant white—marvellous for any southbound suitcase; notch collar, tie belt. Of English cotton; sizes A, B, C, D. $50. By and at Countess Mara. Also at Capper & Capper; Frost Bros.
7. Practice club for off-links swinging. It sounds an audible click when your swing is Just So. By Swing Rite. About $25, at F. R. Tripler.
8. Handsome gros point slippers for at-home-and-away carpet travelling. Navy-blue calfskin base; gros point imported from Belgium. Sizes 8-12: $12.50. Brooks Brothers.



1



2



3



4



5



7



6 ARTHUR TODD



8



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EK,


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A gentle fur-blend. White with
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fashions that
show dramatically
what brilliant
evenings-at-home
are made of.

Luscious concoction: Bill Blass' strapless nightdress with its own panel-striped sleeveless cape, beautifully re-created by Lori Till. Whether the pink is gossamer pale or beguilingly bold, Caprolan captures the exact nuance clearly and beautifully.



Bill Blass

In this Empire gown with fascinating floating back panels, Jane Derby combines print and solid in a striking way. And Peer Negligee re-creates it in the same fabric as the original: Caprolan, the nylon with a flair for reproducing the most sophisticated colors—even color overlaid with color.



Jane Derby

This bold, dramatic hostess gown is a John Weitz design re-created by Dorian-Macksoud. It offers black-and-white proof of what's possible with Caprolan. Every bold black polka dot is sharply outlined against a white background that stays white!



John Weitz

Romance à la Jean Louis: culottes profusely printed, potent with color—pure drama for the hostess. Re-created by Lori Till in new Caprolan nylon, so capable of translating color like this in all its excitingly subtle variations.



Jean Louis

This robe du soir by James Galanos has a tuck-shaped bodice that swirls into a sweepingly beautiful skirt. In re-creating it, Perfect Negligee insisted on perfectionism: The abstract blue pattern of the print is hand screened. In this custom print, Caprolan translates an original design exquisitely.

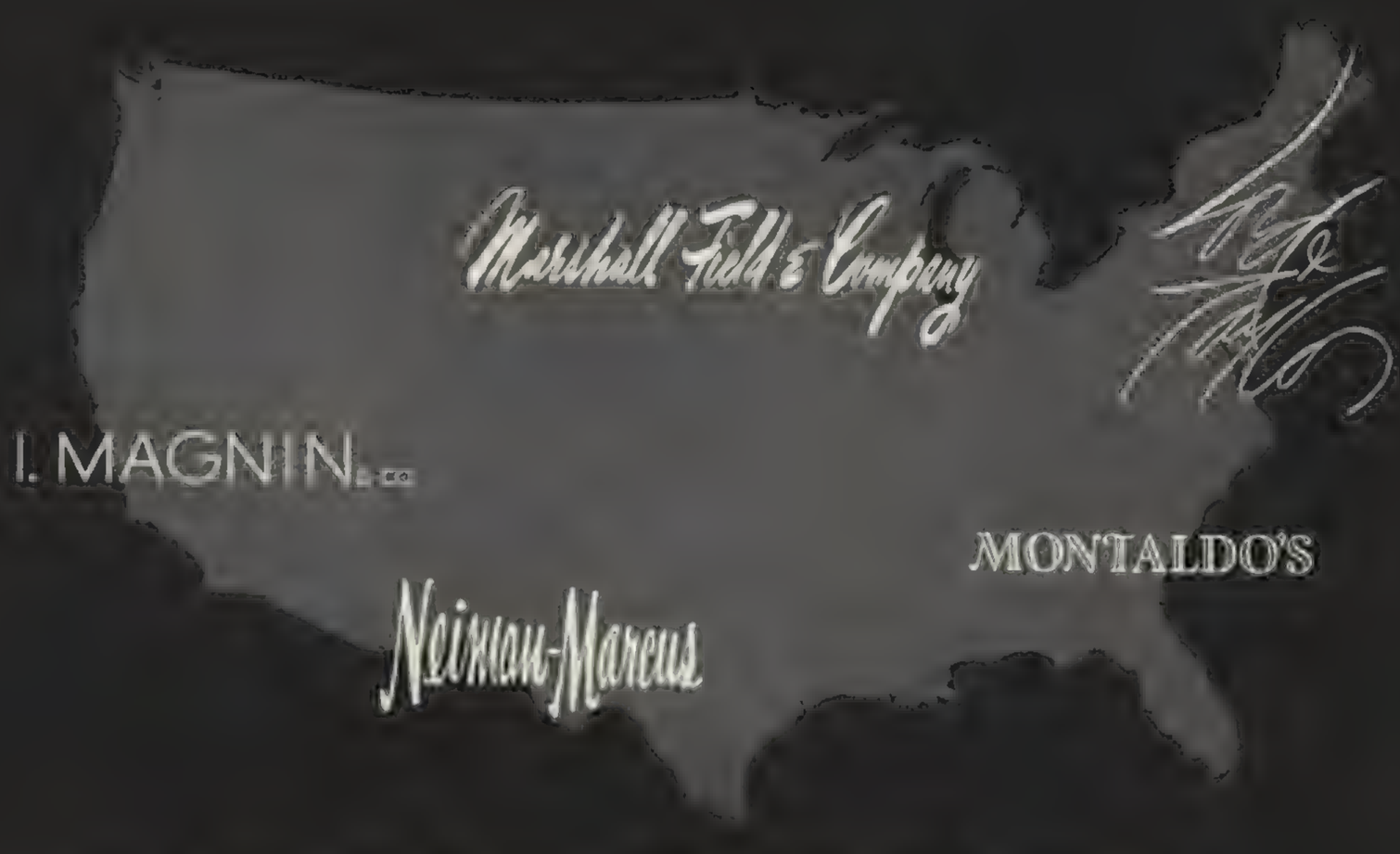


James Galanos

This at-home ensemble shows David Kidd's ingenuity in handling tricot of Caprolan in an exciting new way: luxuriously shirred upon a taffeta base. Further drama: an exactly right shade of charcoal. Just one more example of the depth of color possible with Caprolan; one more reason Dorian-Macksoud chose it to re-create this beautiful design.



D. Kidd.



I. MAGNIN All stores | MARSHALL FIELD Chicago | NEIMAN-MARCUS Texas | LORD & TAYLOR New York | MONTALDO'S and Doop's. All stores

Live every moment of your private life in the grand manner of this Caprolan collection. Available at these exclusive stores across the country.

Not all styles necessarily available at all stores.

The fiber for colorful fashions like this is by Allied Chemical

PULL OUT



TEMPTATION

It started with Eve—And wound up with Timex

Be tempted...again and again! Timex Ladies' watches cost just 9.95 to 19.95* so you *can afford* to indulge your taste and have a Timex for every occasion.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO ENJOYS TEMPTATION MORE...WHEN IT COSTS *LESS!* **TIMEX**®

*PLUS TAX


Elizabeth Arden
PRESENTATION
White Shoulders
"The PRESENTATION"
A magnificent gift for yourself and to others
"White Shoulders" Perfume and Cologne
Identical Presentations with "Most Precious" and "Great Lady"

TAKE CHRISTMAS LYING DOWN

Recline gently on one elbow, and onto the order card opposite write the names of your special friends who'd like a present of VOGUE this Christmas. The cost is just $6.50 per gift-subscription (1year, 20 issues) $2 less than the usual one-year rate. The convenience is sheer Christmas luxury; we even mail your gift cards for you, signing each as you tell us. Try it. You'll love it. So will your VOGUE—getting friends!



the perfect gift!

irresistible seamless stockings
in an irresistible christmas box

Hanes



Unlock the crown jewel!

Treat yourself royally! **You'd** never own the richest towel in the world and treasure it only for state occasions. Cannon's new Moresque is to be **used!** Its thick folds sculptured in tone-on-tone **admired!** Its soft luxurious texture **enjoyed!** Obviously the colors (seven in all) are magnificent. And our permanently Pucker-Free™ symbol is on the label. Moresque is quite a thought for gifts. All cotton, about $5. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N.Y.C. 20

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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with

VIVIANE WOODARD COSMETICS

...it's more fun that way!

Make-up and kiss, the Viviane Woodard way . . . What *is* the Viviane Woodard way? We spoil you! How? A Viviane Woodard Cosmetic Consultant, trained by top professional make-up artists, creates an entirely new 'look' for you with Viviane Woodard's truly extraordinary cosmetics. You discover how to make-up to play-up your own special beauty! By appointment only, of course. See your Telephone Directory or write Viviane Woodard Cosmetics — address in coupon below.

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(Sorry . . . only one to a customer)

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Please send seven "Beauty Miniatures". I enclose $2.00 which includes postage, handling and Federal Tax.

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(Please Print)

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with Stancraft's matching scorepads and tallies

Imagine—bridge decks with *matching* tallies and scorepads. And 10 beautiful designs to pick from!

Stancraft cards *play* beautifully, too. They're crisp. Easy to handle. Plastic-coated for durability. Even the box is special—gold-flecked plastic, reusable in dozens of ways.

So treat your guests to the smartest bridge tables in town. Ask for complete *matching* bridge sets—by Stancraft.

STANCRAFT

DIVISION OF STANDARD PACKAGING CORPORATION, ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

IT'S TIME TO WHIRL WITH THE SEASON...

and if you can't bear to miss a beat, that's the style we like. Check the **DECEMBER ISSUE OF VOGUE**— next on the newsstands— for

FAST BEAUTY REVIVERS

Happily, THESE FASHIONS of colorful **CAPROLAN**® ARE AT THE following FINE STORES*.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Rich's, Inc.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Filene's

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
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CINCINNATI, OHIO
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Bullock's Downtown,
San Fernando, Wilshire

MIAMI, FLORIDA
Burdine's, Inc.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Boston Store

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
Dayton's

NEW YORK, NEW YORK
Bloomingdale's

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
Bressmer's

*Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

It's so nice to have harmony around the house. With mother, daughter both in quilteds by Loungees. Their joyous tricot façade is new Caprolan® nylon. Caprolan catches color as no other nylon can. Takes dyes intimately, elegantly; welcoming subtlest shades or the most blatant. Pink, blue, or white. Mothers' sizes 8 to 18, about $13; 3 to 6x, about $9; 8 to 14, about $11; teens', 10 to 16, about $13. The fiber for colorful fashions like this is by

Allied Chemical

Happily it's Caprolan,

THE NEW NYLON THAT SATISFIES YOUR CRAVING FOR COLOR.





Give her a bunch of long-stem tints—in Du Pont Nylon

DU PONT

Better Things for Better Living ... *through Chemistry*

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE HOSIERY SHOWN

NEVER BEFORE THE FIERY DRAMA OF **ECLIPSE**

Now Laguna brings you a daring new jewel contour... flaming excitement in every facet... color more tempestuous than even the sun... and Eclipse is reversible, worn on either breathtaking side... each with its own special magic. The very lightest weight necklaces, bracelets, pins and earrings in a burst of blazing colors. Discover Eclipse at better stores everywhere. Laguna-Royal Craftsmen, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Laguna®
CROWN JEWEL LOOK

Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by National Distillers Prod. Co.



Smart, smooth, spirited...

Gilbey's Vodka

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes the flavor of your mixers. It imparts delightful spirit and delicious smoothness...yet it never, never imposes itself on your drink. No wonder Gilbey's has become the newest fashion in vodka. Sensibly priced, too.

***GIMLET**—4 parts Gilbey's Vodka, 1 part prepared lime juice. Stir with ice and strain into glass.*



Look...your man is showing

...showing to his best advantage, his impeccable appearance complementing you and your outfit. Whether your man dresses as a conservative classic, or natural gentleman, or has a bent for the forward fashion look, he will stand out elegantly in a 'Botany' 500 suit.

Let's join forces. You go with him to the nearest 'Botany' 500 dealer to help him choose the look, pattern and shade that will suit him best. His new 'Botany' 500 suit, outercoat, sport coat and slacks will do the rest to make him something special in a well-tailored way.

It's not alchemy, but that dedicated Daroff Personal Touch. It is a positive passion for perfection in fabrics, styling, tailoring and craftsmanship that's his assurance and yours of the quality, comfort and good taste of a 'Botany' 500 suit. Quality-Value priced from $75.00 (slightly higher in the West).

To get your copy of the booklet, "The Personal Touch" and the name of your nearest dealer, write H. Daroff, 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries).

'BOTANY' 500®

tailored by DAROFF

...with the dedicated Personal Touch

Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

Whatever you wear,

wear it with



The new fragrance by Yardley

TICK-TOCK STUFF

Ideas in the round



One way to know when the time has come. A wristwatch with a big, candid face. black suède strap. By Medana. $25*. At Arnold Constable.



Gilt wristwatch with an automatic day-by-day calendar, black suèded leather strap. It's by Sovereign, $16* at Lane Bryant, Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

*PLUS TAX



A watch to wear anywhere with this year's city-country clothes. It's a neat little circle with a sweep second-hand, and a trim tan leather strap. Waterproof. By Timex. $12*. At Stern's.

Great new beauty prescription for troubled hair



Actually makes your hair feel stronger!

Most women today have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- ☐ DRY HAIR
- ☐ OVER-PERMANENTED HAIR
- ☐ DULL, LIMP HAIR
- ☐ SUN-DAMAGED HAIR
- ☐ SPONGY TEXTURE
- ☐ BRITTLE HAIR
- ☐ SPLITTING ENDS
- ☐ OVER-POROUS HAIR

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition*** by Clairol.

Entirely new and different

A richly effective, deeply corrective formula, unlike anything you've used before. Not a hairdressing or surface pomade, new **condition*** is a fabulous beauty pack, a superb reconditioner evolved after three years of laboratory research by Clairol, the specialist in beautiful hair.

Amazingly fast results

You'll see and feel a marvelous difference the very first time you use **condition***. Even in hair which seems hopelessly troubled! Used regularly, it's so good for your hair. Many women now make **condition*** an indispensable part of their beauty routine.

Confirmed by Good Housekeeping

New **condition*** adds lively bounce, vital body, satiny sheen. Dried-out, parched hair quickly soaks up its lavish moisturizers. Dull, limp or brittle hair is revitalized to glorious new life and lustre. Hair over-exposed to sun and sea takes on new vigorous, shining beauty. Spongy, over-porous hair is so tenderly built up—it actually feels stronger after **condition***! This amazing performance has been confirmed by Good Housekeeping's Beauty Clinic.

Easy and quick to use

Simply use **condition*** as a beauty pack after a shampoo. Pleasant and gentle as your most luxurious facial creme. Delightfully fragrant, smooth, white and creamy. No steaming under heat caps—heat is unnecessary. What a boon!

Prescribed by hairdressers

Try it. See why hairdressers everywhere are prescribing **condition*** as the quickest, most effective way to correct the troubles that threaten hair beauty. They like to use it before or after a permanent wave, to avoid frizziness. Used while tinting, toning, lightening, **condition*** saves time. And what's more, it actually enhances the color of the hair. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.



condition* is a Clairol trademark for this fabulous new creme formulated to meet the problems of *troubled hair* (our description for hair in need of reconditioning: dry, brittle, dull, limp, split at the ends, spongy, over-porous, over-permanented or sun-damaged).

condition*
by Clairol

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Good Housekeeping



Etienne Aigner

The seal of authenticity . . . ®

The Etienne Aigner touch in new soft leather: Dark Antique, Burnt Pine and Deep Black.

about $48.00 plus tax

AT LORD & TAYLOR AND AUTHORIZED DEALERS
ETIENNE AIGNER, 22 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A pretty gala to open a unique costume exhibition in Boston



1

For their remarkable costume exhibition (which can be seen, incidentally, through December 1), the trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts gave an all-out gala: topiary trees and clipped yews lining the Museum staircase; pink and wine-coloured carnations everywhere. The Museum's guests had drinks among the Impressionists, dinner in the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century galleries; on the outside balconies, field kitchens had been set up beneath green-and-white-striped tents. After dinner, the point, of course, was the extraordinary exhibition: five centuries of great dresses from the Museum's collection, gathered together by Adolph S. Cavallo, the Curator of Textiles. These dresses—shown against special new settings—might have been worn to dance to anything from Elizabethan madrigals to *I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen.*



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1. Beside Lehmbruck's "Kneeling Woman," Mrs. Frank G. Allen, Jr., with Mr. Hans Estin. 2. In one of the seven galleries given over to this exhibition, the French Ambassador to the United States, Hervé Alphand, with Mrs. James M. Gavin, whose husband was a former American Ambassador to France, and Madame Alphand. 3. Mr. Perry T. Rathbone, the Director of the Museum, with Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich. 4. Mr. Frederic Cameron Church with Madame Jean Savelli, whose husband is the French Consul General in Boston. 5. Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Ross. 6. Mr. John Lowell Gardner, Treasurer of the Museum, with Mrs. Josiah H. Child, Jr. 7. Mr. Jan Cox, head of the Department of Painting at the Museum's school, and Mrs. Hanns Swarzenski, whose husband is the Curator of Decorative Arts and Sculpture at the Museum.



7

#1 Cuir de Chasse

THE

casual fragrance

by



Etienne Aigner

The seal of authenticity ®

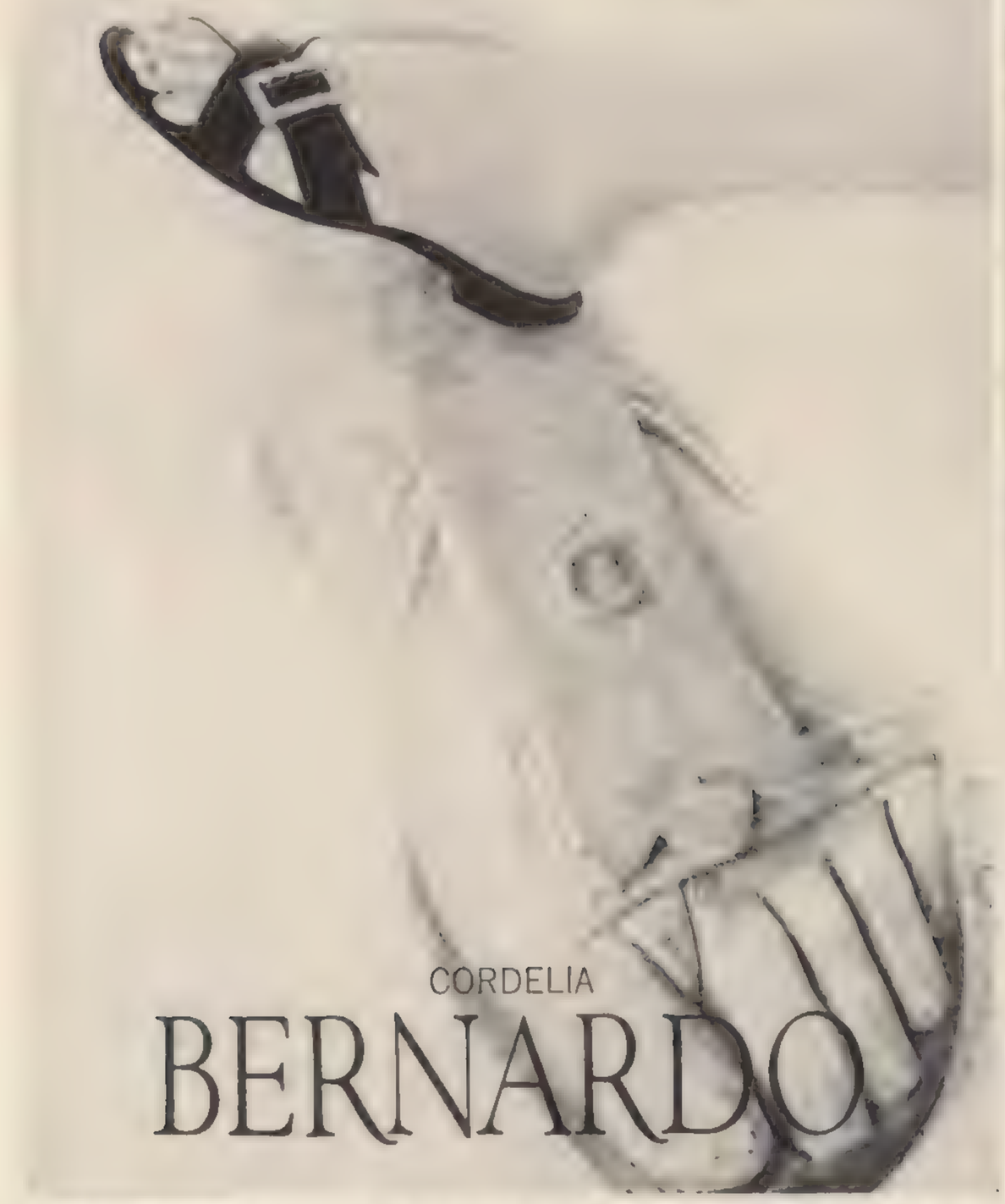
AT LORD & TAYLOR AND AUTHORIZED DEALERS

ETIENNE AIGNER PARFUM, INC., 22 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK CITY



SET OFF BEAUTIFUL SPARKS... with the lavish touch of a 'Linde' Star. Shown: earrings and ring, set with diamonds and centered with a 'Linde' Star in misty blue... a soft, early-dawn shade that's alive with the shimmer of Star light. 'Linde' Stars are priced from under $100.

"Linde" is a registered trademark of UNION CARBIDE



From the Bernardo collection, $8 to $19. At Lord & Taylor, New York, and better stores throughout the country. Bernardo Sandals, 17 E. 22nd Street, New York 10.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A fashion spectacular with amateur mannequins and healthy proceeds for a Chicago hospital



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It opened with the matinée and closed with the evening show and went on record as one of the more rousingly successful fashion shows ever held in Chicago. Started thirty-seven years ago by The Woman's Board of Presbyterian-St. Luke's Hospital with a small tea, this annual party has spilled over onto the vast stage of the Medinah Temple and toted up over one million dollars for its beneficiary. This year's two performances, slickly staged with a narrative that even included a bit of suspense, drew over seven thousand spectators to watch some one hundred amateur mannequins wear clothes and jewellery, by important American and French designers, from Chicago shops. (The mannequins, picked like slivers of gold from the roster of Chicago beauties, have been judged for poise on the 1963 runway with the 1964 cast in mind.) All over town there were pre-show luncheons and dinners for mannequins and



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committee members, but the guests of honour could only dart in and out of such parties. What the committee members were saying, the mannequins were obeying: "Remember, girls, smile, always smile, and look up at the balcony, and please be *quiet.*" Mannequins: 1. Mrs. James Ott (left) and Miss Elizabeth Wirtz (right) being interviewed by Miss Eleanor Page of the *Chicago Tribune.* 2. Mrs. John S. Jenkins; Mrs. Ross D. Siragusa, junior; Mrs. T. Stanton Armour. 3. Mrs. Donald Hannah. 4. *Preparing for the bridal tableau:* a recent bride, Mrs. Michael van Buren. 5. Mrs. De Witt Buchanan, junior; Mrs. William C. Bartholomay. 6. *In the audience,* Mrs. Lester Armour, co-chairman of the Mannequin Committee, who selected the models. *Modelling ski and après ski clothes:* 7. Miss Shaun Cudahy; Mrs. Thierry McCormick; and Mrs. Bennet Harvey, junior. 8. Mrs. J. Michael O'Riley.



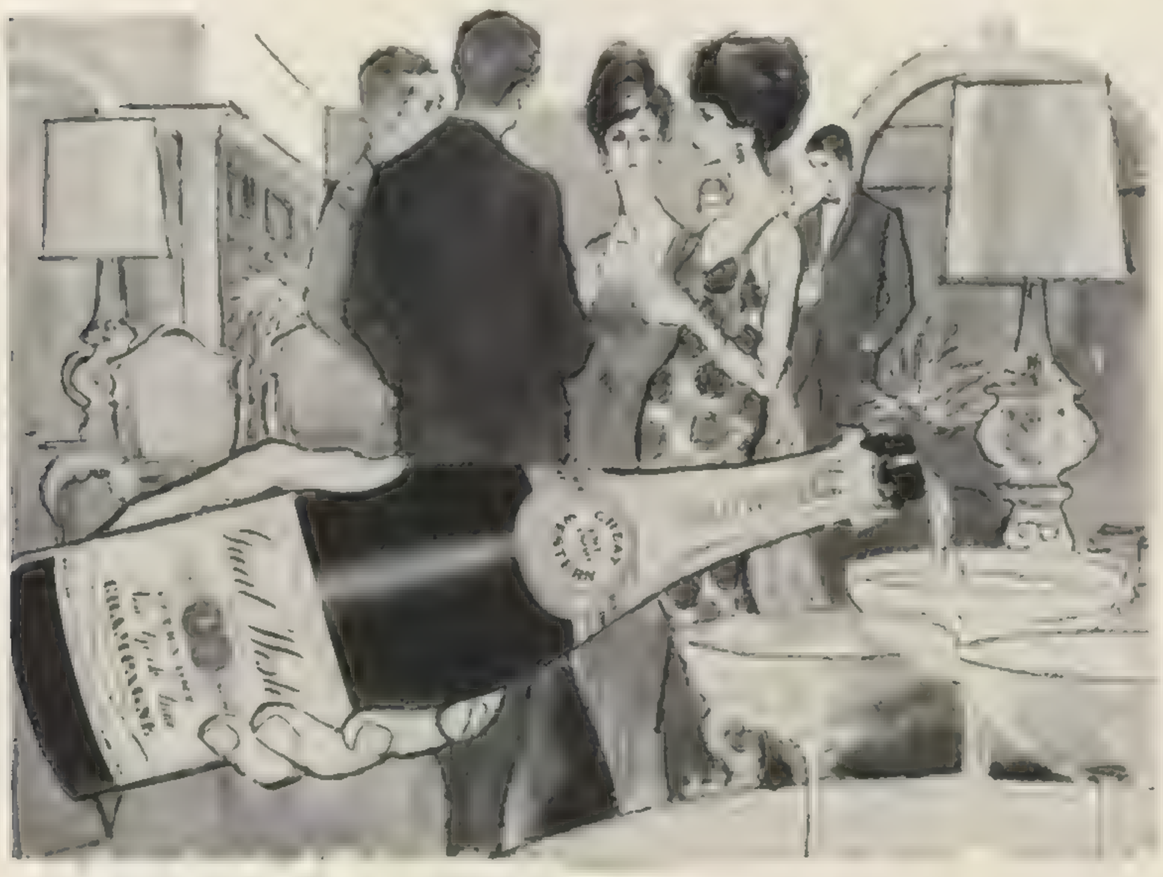
A woman's most important accessory...her escort

His dinner suit by Lord West, makers of gentlemen's formal clothes.
One hundred thirty-five dollars at authoritative stores.

Lord West
101 West 21st Street, N.Y.C.



6 piece place setting, luncheon size, $74.50, fed. tax included
At selected jewelers and department stores — write for the name of the nearest.
TUTTLE SILVERSMITHS, DIVISION OF HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, LANCASTER, PENNA



The knowing host serves Great Western

It's the well-bred champagne—an honored member of weddings, christenings and every kind of distinguished gathering for over 100 years. Honored, too, by six European medals of excellence—and a high place on the wine lists of famous hotels, clubs and restaurants. Serve it with confidence. Sip it with delight!

Great Western

NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

New skiing ways at Sugar Bowl in California—Tyrolean chalets, gondolas, a new ski lift



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The new lift at Sugar Bowl lifts skiers a thousand feet higher to the untrammelled powder snow of Crow's Nest Run on the far side of Mt. Disney. From the first big November snowfall, through the Christmas holidays until April, people float in by aerial silver gondolas from Norden to Sugar Bowl, high in the Sierra Nevadas. Skiers take to the slopes early, dangling up to Mt. Disney for the run down East Face, moving later to Mt. Lincoln and Upper Emigrant Run, or for a swing down the *steilhung* and Silver Belt Course. A sunny, cosy village, Sugar Bowl consists of a Ski Lodge and thirty-four houses—



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log cabins, ranch houses, and Tyrolean chalets—many belonging to San Franciscans. People entertain mostly at home, the women often wearing Pucci pants, or long evening skirts.

1. Mrs. Wellington Henderson on the steps of her chalet. 2. Miss Starr Walton, from Sugar Bowl, a member of the 1964 U. S. Olympic Ski Team. 3. Mr. and Mrs. George Dyer. 4. Mrs. John Ehrlich and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, III. 5. Miss Frances de Bretteville. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Miller. 7. Mrs. Robert Homans with her children, Robert and Lucy.



Outmoded?

Not at Delmonico's Hotel in New York.

We hark back to a more gracious—and happier—age when such "modern" inconveniences as area codes and direct dialing were not expected of a gentleman or his lady. So our phones have no dials. Instead, we use *operators.*

Missing, too, from Delmonico's, are the other unpleasant "self-service" products of this frenzied age of automation. Instead, we use *servants.* Trained in the grand tradition.

Such people are rare in today's hotel world. Pre-war type maids who take *pride* in their vocation—indeed, regard it as a *profession.* Waiters who not only *know* what they should do—but do it with a *flair.* Clerks who *learn* the individual likes and dislikes of each guest they serve—and *cater* to them.

It's something to think about on your next trip to New York.

Service. In the grand tradition. As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

(Let your travel agent make reservations for you. Or write us direct. Either way, we'll be happy to send our chauffeur and our Rolls—if you wish—to meet you at the airport.)

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & General Manager

DELMONICO'S

HOTEL

Park Avenue at 59th Street Cable Address: Elegance, New York
Represented nationally by Leonard Hicks, Jr. Inc.



DÉCOLLETAGE NEWS— UNDER CONTROL





For a moderately low neckline, a black brassière, above, trimmed in a Burgundy screen print, shaped by gathers at the centre. By Peter Pan; nylon batiste cup, nylon voile lining, Lycra back. $6. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's.

Vertical décolletage, left, for necklines that plunge in the new Dior manner: White nylon brassière, nylon marquisette side panels. By Olga, $6. Lord & Taylor; Rich's.

Very low, squared necklines, below, are the reason for this white lace brassière, shoulder-tip straps, underwiring. By Surprise, brassière of Lycra and Ban-Lon lace, $6. At Altman's; Rich's.



GENE LAURENTS

Dream upon
by Montag

Fashioned for the Pen of the
Eternally Feminine of Crisp,
Delicately "Embroidered" Parchment

Montag designs a writing paper so definitely feminine, so dramatically new it's irresistible as a gift for her. She'll appreciate the crinkle of fine parchment, pastel tissue-lined envelopes to accent the elegance of muted white-on-white decoration in notes and writing papers and combination gift boxes . . .
1.00 to 5.00

Displayed In All the Finest Stationery Selections

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Colorado Ski Country—

VAIL and CRESTED BUTTE

offer you incomparable skiing
in the unbelievable beauty
of the Colorado winter.

Her Skiwear by McGregor's going.
Sea & Ski's going.
Renauld Spectaculars Sunglasses are going.
"Antron," "Dacron"
and Du Pont nylon are going.
Hart Skis are going.
And they're all going via
United Air Lines
Jet Mainliner.

The powder's on the snow.
The sun's on the slopes.
And everybody that's anybody
is off to Vail and Crested Butte





(left) Her Primrose total-stretch parka with fox fur by McGREGOR in "Antron"* and "Dacron"** 88 fiberfill, $39.95.*** Stretch pants of wool and DuPont nylon, $29.95.
(right) Softly embroidered Her Night Rose total-stretch parka, $35.95; pants $29.95. Both by McGregor in the same marvelous DuPont fibers.
Hart Metal skis, for every skier from beginner to expert, from $89.50 to $134.50.
Sea & Ski Skier's Pack $1.00. Renauld Spectaculars Sunglasses $12.95.

*"ANTRON" IS DUPONT'S REG. STERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL NYLON **"DACRON" IS DUPONT'S REG STERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. ***ALL PRICED SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.



No problems here—not at Vail, where even the spills are better! Taking it all in stride, Her Skiwear by McGregor. Snowflower total-stretch parka of "Antron"* warmed by "Dacron"** 88 fiberfill—to wear with stretch pants of wool and action-loving, comfort-giving Du Pont nylon. Parka $35.95. Pants $29.95.

DACRON 88®
Polyester Fiberfill

Her Skiwear by McGREGOR.
Made in Canada, too.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT VAIL, COLORADO.



The sun's dazzling on the woodpile below Crested Butte's Sun Deck—and the lady's protected—beautifully so—by Sea & Ski and Renauld Spectaculars Sunglasses. As dazzling as the sun, Her Printemps total-stretch parka by McGregor—radiant "Antron," with all the lightweight inner warmth of "Dacron" 88 fiberfill. Parka $35.95. Sea & Ski $1.35. Sunglasses $12.95.

INNSBRUCK 1964

SEA & SKI SUNTAN LOTION

SPECTACULARS
SUNGLASSES BY RENAULD OF FRANCE

SELECTED FOR USE BY THE 1964 U. S. WINTER OLYMPICS TEAM.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT ASPEN, COLORADO.



Breath-taking lift on the way to world-famous trails—and the lady's tickled pink in Her Skiwear by McGregor. Aurora total-stretch parka of "Antron," with foxy collar and the lightweight warmth of "Dacron" 88 fiberfill. Matching stretch pants in Du Pont nylon, the nylon that makes every move a thing of beauty. Final touch—authentic Speedfit™ laceless boots by Henke. Parka $39.95. Pants $29.95.

DU PONT NYLON **ANTRON®** Nylon

Her Skiwear by M'GREGOR

*"ANTRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL NYLON. **"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. ***ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA. PHOTOGRAPHED AT ASPEN, COLORADO.



Crested Butte Run, coming up—where the lady will cross trails with world-famous skiers. And what's the lady wearing? What but Her Skiwear by McGregor. The total-stretch Diamond parka, slimming, trimming, professionalism itself in glowing "Antron" and warm, lightweight "Dacron" 88 fiberfill. More professionalism: her stretch pants of wool and Du Pont nylon. Still more professionalism: her Renauld Spectaculars Sunglasses. Parka $32.95. Pants $29.95. Sunglasses $12.95.

CRESTED BUTTE, LTD.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO

UNITED



Getting there is half the fun—in Vail's fabulous 4-place Bell gondola that meets up with the sky at 11,000 feet! More fun: Vail's 10 miles of trails, ending in a highly sociable hot rum cup at Vail Pass Lodge. Still more fun: Her Poppy total-stretch parka by McGregor of light, bright "Antron," with the inner warmth of "Dacron" 88 fiberfill—to wear with slimming stretch pants of wool and Du Pont nylon. Parka $35.95. Pants $29.95.

Vail

PHOTOGRAPHED AT VAIL, COLORADO.

Sun break at Crested Butte, aided and abetted by Sea & Ski Skier's Pack. Any moment now, the gondola will swing her high up over the 20-foot snow to the start of broad slopes and challenging trails. And what will she take them in? What but Her Skiwear by McGregor. The Jester total-stretch parka—light, bright and figure-making in "Antron" and "Dacron" 88 fiberfill. The action stretch pants of wool and Du Pont nylon. The turtleneck pullover, collared in "Lycra"*** for perfect fit. Parka $39.95. Pants $29.95. Turtleneck $4.00. Skier's pack $1.00.

CRESTED BUTTE, LTD.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO.

*"ANTRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS TRILOBAL NYLON.

**"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER.

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We think Christmas is special, and in the December issue of Vogue you will find these special features:

- **THE LAND OF THE NATIVITY**

  with photographs of the Holy Land as it looks today, woodcuts and drawings of the way the world's great artists imagined it.

- **A CECIL BEATON PREVIEW OF AUDREY HEPBURN IN "MY FAIR LADY"**

- **BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SNOW**

Plus: Gala night looks for all the party-going North and South . . . Fast beauty revivers . . . And the most romantic blouses. . . . We hear from readers everywhere that one Vogue is not enough, and as usual we'll be coming in strong in January with two Vogues—one January 1, another January 15. To all months but December, May, June, July, two Vogues every time.



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Rudolph Valentino

Their lives and times

For VOGUE, the camera's eye has recorded Edith Wharton riding side-saddle at Newport. . . . Picasso, his paintings, himself. . . . Garbo, looking beautiful. . . . Barney Oldfield breaking the speed record at 60 miles an hour. . . . Renée Jeanmaire on camelback. . . . Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton shopping as débutantes. . . . the Duke and Duchess of Windsor before their wedding at Candé.

Here, for all time, is Barrymore's incredible profile. . . . Henry Clay Frick playing golf. . . . the beautiful Tsarina Alix and her children. . . . the ravaged Modigliani. . . . the Kennedys as children in London. . . . the Lunts in "O Mistress Mine". . . . Sarah Bernhardt in her exotic Paris apartment. . . . Fred Astaire, ageless and dancing.



Maude Adams

60 articles and stories

The best writers of the past 70 years have written for VOGUE, from Daudet to Hemingway, from Colette to Katherine Anne Porter, from Dorothy Parker to Sir Osbert Sitwell.

There are articles and stories that will live in the annals of modern literature, such as "Revolution of the Women" by Joyce Cary. . . . "The Crisis of Man" by Albert Camus. . . . "Laughter" by Christopher Fry. . . . "The Light in the Dark" by Elizabeth Bowen.

There are articles about and by famous people: "The House of Vanderbilt" by Frank Crowninshield. . . . "How to Make or Break a Party" by Elsa Maxwell. . . . "Pierre Balmain" by Gertrude Stein. . . . "My Grandmother and Mr. Gladstone" by Bertrand Russell. . . . A Millay memoir by Vincent Sheean. . . . "La Duse" by Kenneth Macgowan.

A great photograph album

As you, or anyone with even a nodding acquaintance with the magazine might surmise, over the past 70 years VOGUE has amassed a unique collection of superb photographs. In *The World in Vogue*, more than 670 of them add up to a treasury of the art of the camera.

There are early masterpieces from the turn of the century: a self-portrait by Stieglitz. . . . "Steeplechase Day, Paris" by Steichen. . . . A view of the San Francisco fire by Arnold Genthe.



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There are portraits of débutantes and dowagers . . . stars of ballet, stage, opera, cinema . . . inventors and tycoons . . . philosophers, poets, playwrights . . . Pulitzer and Nobel prize-winners —all taken by the best photographers of their time.

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Two years in the making

Even before the project was begun, the editors realized that a tantalizing job of sifting had to be done. Hundreds of issues of VOGUE had to be winnowed. There were agonizing choices, and many exciting items were regretfully laid aside to make room for even more exciting items. The result is a big book (416 pages, 12¾" by 9⅜") and a uniquely compelling one.

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Vogue cover, 1911

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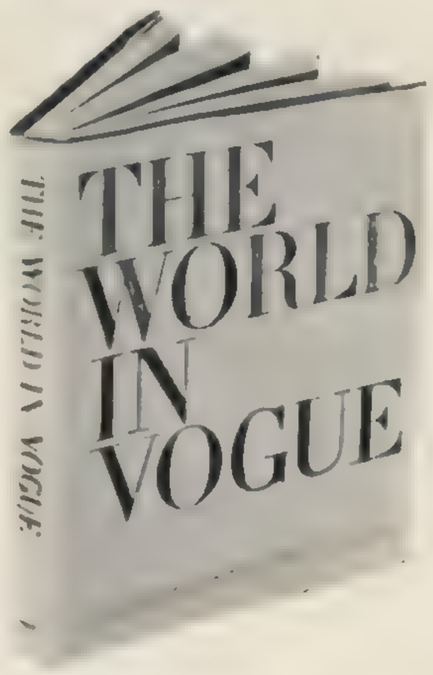
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THE LAST BELIEVER

BY ANNE SEXTON

Editor's Note: Anne Sexton, a dark-haired, attractive poet, has, in a career still young, gathered a bouquet of awards. This year she won the first travelling Literary Fellowship of the American Academy of Arts and Letters as well as a Ford Foundation Fellowship to study the requirements of dramatic writing. Of *All My Pretty Ones*, her latest book of poetry, Robert Lowell wrote: "The best thing about it is its unstoppered fullness. She has made her life her treasury."

Mary just poked her head around the corner of my writing room. "I've brung the Santa Claus suit down from the attic to warm it up," she told me with her usual sense of timing. Mary works for me and worked for my mother before—"since before you was hatched." After my parents' death two years ago she came here to us part time.

I should have expected her to bring it down, as I've been having Santa Claus problems of my own. The problem is my daughter, Linda, who is eight and a half and ought to be told there isn't a *real* Santa Claus.

"It's the spirit that matters," I tell her. "Now Santa Claus once lived. Historically, he was none other than St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who died in 343 A.D." (I am reading this to her from a pamphlet.) "Our Santa Claus is but an American distortion of the old Dutch name, Sint Niklaas . . ." (I skip a little) "and this goodly man was and is the Patron Saint of Children."

"Now, look here, Linda!" I have stopped reading as she is blocking her ears and puffing out her lower lip. "Honey, I don't mean there isn't *any* Santa Claus. I mean there *really* was such a man and we remember him with presents and. . . ." Now she is crying, the tears rolling thickly and singly through her shut lids.

"Please Mama. I just don't want to discuss it. Mama."

"I just wanted to tell you this nice. . . ."

"You said he died and I don't care what you and Daddy say because that's a lie and he is *too* coming here!"

With that she ran out of the room. She left me sitting here at my desk. I've been trying to tell her for a month but she doesn't want to hear. Her sister is six and isn't the least disturbed, quite capable of hearing me read the pamphlet and of keeping her conviction that jolly old St. Nick will arrive on Christmas Day.

That's the trouble. He will. He always has and I know of no way to stop him. He has been coming since time began for me, since time began for my mother, since time began for my mother's mother, and since time began for my mother's mother's mother. Probably our Santa Claus is older than all the stores in New York City.

I have always lived in the suburbs of Boston—nothing special, in Wellesley as a child and in Newton as a wife and mother. During our childhood, my parents took me and my two sisters to Maine for Christmas. We drove, all jammed together in the trusty Packard, to my grandparents' home in Auburn, Maine.

Auburn was magic. Auburn is where Santa Claus landed. My grandmother's house was built next door to her father's house. The two old homes stood side by side, each with five floors of ample Victorian rooms. Auburn excelled in abundance. There was more snow, more snow than we have ever seen, more coloured lights, more relatives, and more talk. The beds were larger and softer.

My bedroom was frosty and the floor boards creaked in the cold, but I was packed down with a comforter and tucked in between flannel sheets. On Christmas night the radiators hissed, chains clacked by on the hill outside, and not a mouse was stirring. We were woken in darkness, dressed hastily in our slippers and robes and were ushered into my grandmother's bedroom to crouch down beside her north window. We were waiting for our first glimpse of Santa's sleigh. We peered out into the semi-darkness, our breath fogging the glass, our eyes straining out toward great-grandfather's brick-red house, straining over its weather vanes and peacocks and through the spiny twigs of the oak. We pushed at each other in whispers, feeling the hair rise on our arms in expectation.

"Look! Look! There he is!"

"The sleigh . . . Hello! Hello! The sleigh!"

"Here he comes, here he comes!"

I did see him. I saw the sleigh. I saw Santa sitting up in front and the packages loaded up on the back seat. I heard his terrible laugh ring out as he cracked his long whip across the five A.M. sky. *Ho Prancer!* Indeed, each year I hallucinated the whole show.

Then to the roof. The sleigh had landed. Up in the huge old-fashioned attic, one of my many great-aunts clopped back and forth in grandfather's galoshes, pounding on the attic floor with a wooden stick and shaking a string of sleigh bells. We sat by the window, frozen in our silence and our wonderful mediaeval awe.

(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 76)

Then the large cowbell sounded from the front parlour two floors below. "Merry Christmas!" roared Santa as we ran calling and tumbling down the slippery staircases toward him. Everyone was there, dancing in their night clothes, all the aunts and cousins, my mother in her pink Paisley robe and her pink satin mules, grandfather in his carpet slippers and his L. L. Bean bathrobe. *Merry Christmas!*, shrieked everyone. We kept hugging Santa who was a terribly fat and tall man—a long-haired giant in red with a deep voice from the north. Santa's hug was all-saving and all-beautiful—the embrace of the good woolly lion. No one could have leaned down and hugged me with greater authority. Everyone yelled. We were hysterical. He left, pulling large oranges from his pack and throwing them, like a juggler, high up into the air. "Goodbye Santa. Merry Christmas! Come back! Come back next year!"

And so he did. He came back every year. After the death of my grandparents, Santa chose to come further south. It was much the same, only a different house. It continued like a legacy. However, one year, when I was about ten or eleven, but still sure of his existence, my father was unable to play his customary rôle (due most likely to an abundance of Christmas cheer the night before). My oldest sister nobly took over. That morning I knew what I had suspected for a year. Her voice just wasn't loud enough. Also she looked like my sister.

However, the year after that there were nearby cousins with small children and my father was back on the job. And then, as the years went by, my oldest sister had children. I remember those years clearly, as I was put in charge of the application of Santa's make-up. My father, warming anew to the rôle now that he was a grandfather, had purchased a new suit at Abercrombie & Fitch. I think it was Abercrombie's, having just researched the facts with Mary who is all-knowing; and having suddenly realized that there is no one left to ask. Mary said, "Abercrumbie's or one of them swell stores." But would Abercrombie's sell Santa Claus suits?

No. Or perhaps they do but he didn't buy it there. I just went upstairs and looked in my husband's closet where the suit is warming up. It says inside the collar "Wolff Fording Co., Theatrical Outfitters, Boston," which shows what an inexpert image both Mary and I have of my father. For of course, theatrical outfitters were more like him, more like the suit.

As the make-up artist I applied rouge to his cheeks, helped strap on the pillows, and put great gobs of clown white on his eyebrows. In those moments, standing in my parents' bathroom, being expert in my teenage field, soothing my father and whispering to him in the five A.M. light, I was closer to him than I had ever been. I applied soot to his shoulders and snow, if we had any. If there was no snow we used frost from the refrigerator, walking together through the half-lit house like thieves. We did it right; the pack, the presents, and never forgot the oranges. Then we collected my mother and my other sister out of their beds and we were off. Daddy walked to his grey Cadillac like an animated cartoon, got in, huffing and grunting over his larger stomach, and turned on the inside light so that we could watch him as he drove. Mother, my sister, and I got into the Ford and drove our car along behind his. We were a miniature caravan of cars driving to my sister's house in another part of Wellesley.

And so it went. After my marriage and my husband's initiation into this Christmas morning, early-Christmas-morning madness, my father persuaded him to take over the job, just as, my father told him, he had taken it over from my mother's father.

By now my husband has become a neighbourhood institution. At eleven P.M. on Christmas Eve we have to have a dress rehearsal, get the pillows pinned and the straps in place, the boots correct and the beard's ear-locks fitted tightly. Then, out he goes; everyone calls to him from their doorway asking him to pose for pictures in front of their fireplace or to peek in on their children and to roar his famous "Merry Christmas" at them. I stand, as always, in the wings.

But I am tired. Perhaps I just miss my father, my grandfather, the winter house in Maine, or all those lost years. Perhaps I am getting old and would like to sleep later on Christmas morning? Or perhaps, in truth, I feel the same old twinge of fear and delight when I look at the big red belly and that long woolly beard. I *have* tried to tell the children, tried to tell them what I know is the truth. I suggest to my husband that we stop all this Santa rigamarole. But he likes being Santa. There isn't any way to stop him. Santa Claus will reappear every year—and each year my childhood will continue to come flaming back, roaring with joy in his large red suit. There is nothing I can do now—except to throw away that pamphlet and go out to buy one dozen navel oranges.

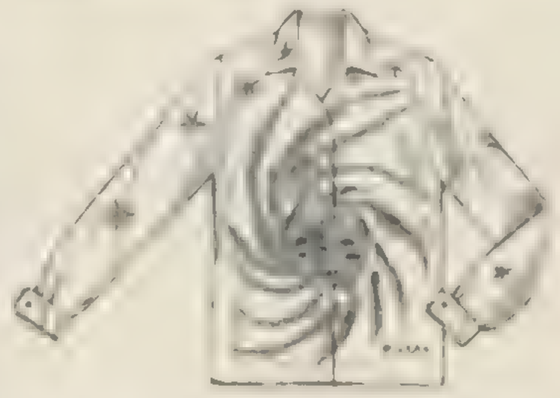


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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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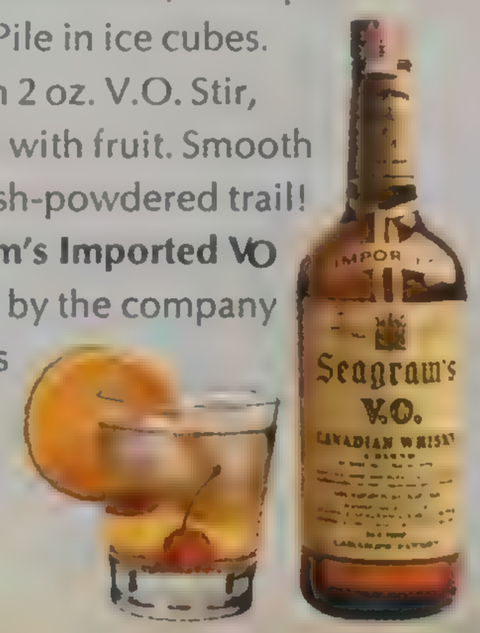


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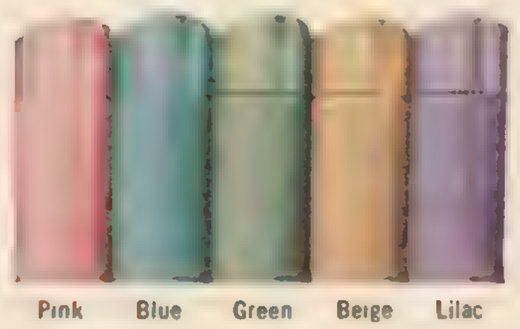


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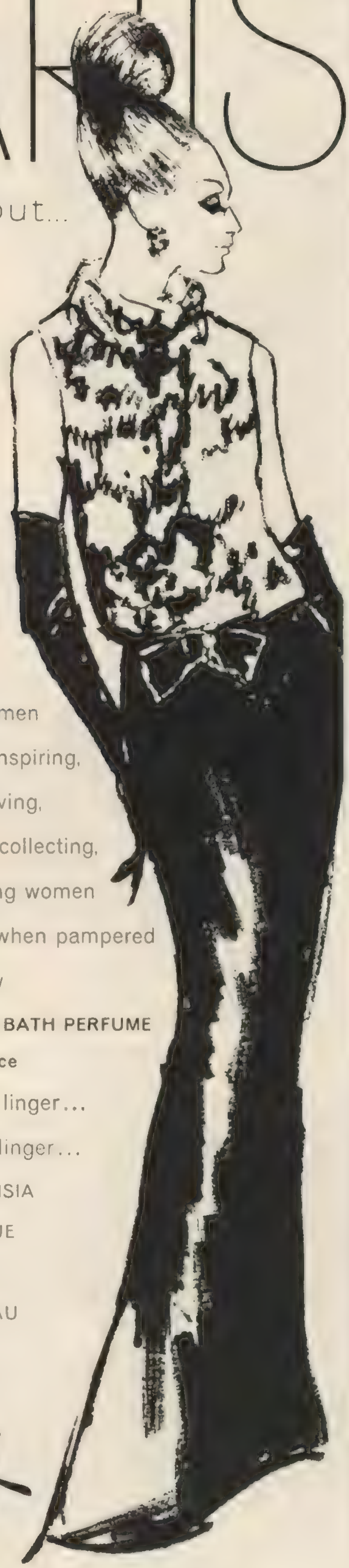
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NOVEMBER 15, 1963

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW OF SNOW... SKIING... ALL OVER THE WORLD, ALL YEAR LONG... THIS IS THE LIFE



This is the catbird seat: half way to heaven... suspended in the cleanest brut-champagne air in the world, with a heart-thudding view of jagged mountains and pristine snow.... It could be the High Atlas range near Oukaimeden, the Colorado Rockies, Sicily or Chile, Austria or Turkey or Iran. Somewhere there's skiing twelve months of the year and with it, unfailingly, the romance of wild, untrammelled landscape, pocket-size villages, fast sleighing over crisp fresh snow, huge fires at night, and the rivetting feeling you've taped a glittering segment of time and space you'll live on for years. Whether you actually ski or not—this is the life. And the clothes that go with it—because they're great—are a whole new force in fashion. Here, a jaunty lift coat, left, of black silk twill zipped up the front, belted. Laminated with Curon, Syl-mer water-repellent, by André for Craig Craely, $55 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Windproof white nylon parka, right. This and the black stretch pants, of wool and Du Pont nylon (Anglo fabric) by McGregor. Parka, of Du Pont nylon, $8. Pants, $30. Both at Best & Co.; Rich's. More deep-winter dash, pages 110-125.

HENRY CLARKE



You and the night and the season

Now: every night is glorious . . . every woman really attractive. And suddenly nothing in the world is more delicious than to feel and act like a beauty . . . to know it. One has a thousand amusing and fascinating new things to do . . . places to go . . . a thousand ravishing ways to look for them all. Now you wear your hair piled up and jewelled . . . or it delights you to feel it sleek and swinging against your cheeks, with a witty little pâtisserie of hair for a topknot. Now you find it divine to fold yourself into the depths of a Maserati, all bundled up—like some darkly mysterious winter butterfly—in a cocoon of sable. And over its collar: show nothing but marvellous hair and the thickest, silkiest sable eyelashes. Or you unwind yourself from a huge ermine shawl and send your perfume to catch on the air—secret, alluring, immensely personal. Plan, one evening, to wear a long naked column of crêpe, and turn a beautiful back on the world . . . or plan to enter a room hermetically sealed in dazzle, and to dance all night on the prettiest, sexiest sandalled feet. Dancing is what the whole country is up to now: the Opera Guild Gala on November 20 . . . on December 5, the Imperial Ball at New York's Plaza, where you'll probably find the tables heaped in red and pink flowers (this is the moment for a dress of pale jade green) . . . the Bachelors' Ball in the middle of December . . . at Washington's National Gallery, the opening of the New York Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of paintings. And—strung like bright ribbon through the holidays—a fortnight of début parties.

When everyone else is in varying degrees of bareness, arrange to be seen like this: all covered up in brilliant golden-yellow silk and amber embroidery . . . show only a straight, stacked head and a sexy little stripling of sandal—and eclipse every other woman in the room. Galanos dress. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. De Liso Debs shoes. Kenneth coiffure. Great evening shimmers: the limpidly beautiful bird-of-many-jewels at left and its translucently pretty beholder—her face and fingernails dressed in what appears to be nothing but light. In fact, it's a great deal more: a sheer and glowing new way to look at night, and two coats of everything is how to turn on the lights. Over liquid foundation, here: an all-over blush of rouge . . . over smoke-brown eyeshadow and Barely Tan lipstick: a transparent overcoat of gloss . . . over Barely Tan nail enamel: the thinnest denier of Barely Ivory. All, by Revlon. As for the bird's make-up: precious stones, semi-precious, and a head that moves. This, and the diamond earrings, by Schlumberger of Tiffany.

BERT STERN



Great evenings– great contrasts

PENN

Here's a supreme way to spend an evening: hermetically sealed in dazzle. This is the fascinating Dior proposal at left—brown tulle, thick with gold and silver embroidery, with a flounce as big as a round of applause. Woven with Lurex threads. I. Magnin. Alexandre coif.

Full-length sable is clearly the coat-*juste* for this dress—but wouldn't a huge pouffy *volant* of embroidery be simply delicious? And the white-framed eye—like a light in the dark—is a terribly pretty accessory to wear with it. Use cream-white make-up and a brush for this . . . one thin line inside the lower lashes, a brush-wide sliver just back of the upper.

The eternal Grès magic: the way she shapes and wraps the body. The perfect delicacy of her colours. The curiously pristine—and beautiful—kind of nakedness that her clothes reveal . . . a shoulder bared . . . an arm glimpsed through drapery . . . a slender foot showing. Of chiffon jersey. Alexandre coiffure.

Wrap a white mink shawl around your shoulders . . . wear beigey apricot stockings . . . the highest, narrowest coiffure. And always, in the case of Grès: carry yourself superbly—from your midriff through the crown of your head, pull yourself tall, straight and supple.





Embroidered white net, left, that flickers and drifts, but never for a moment forgets its raison d'être: to make the whole party aware of the prettiest girl there. Designed for Elizabeth Arden by Oscar de la Renta. Viola Weinberger gloves. Mademoiselle sandals. Kenneth coiffure.

To wear with this dress: perfectly lovely skin—velvety smooth and glowing. It comes out of a jar labelled "moisturizer" . . . goes wherever visibility is high—under make-up on the face, alone on the throat, shoulders, décolletage . . . and it goes without a trace of stickiness, leaving just the thinnest, pearliest veil of light.

All covered, all charm: the two-piece dress at right. Little *bijou* of a top—muted greys and coral and gold brocade, with a fluff of chinchilla for cuffs, and a skirt of aubergine faille. Dress by Jane Derby. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Harold's. Chinchilla hood by Mr. John. Van Raalte gloves.

If you're rather lucky, you'll add to this: a great big chinchilla muff. If you're absolutely shot with good fortune: a little chinchilla coat with sleeves cropped short of the dress-cuffs. If you're simply madly courant: add sable—the kind that comes in the thickest, most luxuriant fake eyelashes around these evenings.

BERT STERN

Great evenings– long on charm



BERT STERN

Volumes of bright purple velvet, at left, holding the torso high and close as a ballerina's — beautiful in motion, ravishing against the skin. (Don't dream of understatements here—a romance of this stature takes a certain wit in the wearing...wind a stream of black seal around your throat...put a *folie* of jet in your hair...add a tiny bolero of ivory mink.) Tarquin dress of Bianchini acetate-and-rayon velvet; sealskin boa; Hattie Carnegie earrings. All at Henri Bendel. Dress. also at Nan Duskin. Viola Weinberger gloves. Lilly Daché hat.

For the face in the light of purple: sterling reflections...one of those silvered. iridescent make-ups, stroked at the edges—hairline, temples, cheekbones—will cast a taut moonlit gleam.

White ermine, yards of burnished-orange chiffon, and an enormous white satin stole sparkling over bare shoulders. This is the dress for the woman who is sure of her allure—and glories in it...who sweeps into a room with pleasure... sits still so magnificently that every other woman seems, somehow, fidgety. By Sarmi, of Bianchini silk and Canadian ermine. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Deauville necklace.

For a sculptured dress: a face to match. Be as beguilingly pink-and-white as you like, but sharpen the prettiness with brown-rouge shadows, or one of the brown-toned sculpturing creams.

Bare velvet evenings and ermine







Sweater-and-skirt idea, left, the irresistible fashion force—you simply *feel* so marvellous in it. The skirt is crêpe, the sweater a shell of sequins, and the colour, one of those soft, pale, heart-melting blues. By Cooper-Couture; acetate crêpe. About $235, Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Richelieu necklace.

Note the coiffure here: like sweaters and skirts, it's a daytime idea much too good to stop there ...bangs and long, straight hair swinging on the cheeks. The fetching bit of coquetry that sends it off into the night: a tiny pâtisserie of hair pinned to the crown. This coiffure: Kenneth.

Overblouse dress in shirtsleeves, at right—another of the blissfully easy daytime shapes that go mysteriously seductive at night simply by turning green. Bright Chinese-green brocade, here, by Ceil Chapman. Cotton, silk, and rayon brocade by William Rose. About $185. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Necklace by Schreiner. Polava gloves.

We love the tidiness of this look: the neat head, the straight line to the toes...and a thin white line of make-up right down the centre of the nose—nothing defines a face more adroitly.

Evenings— two-piece arrangements

BERT STERN



BERT STERN

A dress with the most romantic kind of primness, left. Bare top and bolero of black velvet stripes, spangled in jet, and a wide white skirt full of beautiful peau de soie sounds—crisp, sibilant, deliciously breathless as it glides across a dance floor...settles into a chair. Hattie Carnegie necklace; Wear-Right gloves; Sophie dress (to order). All: Saks Fifth Avenue.

This is the moment for perfected prettiness...a porcelain painter's finesse. Get out a militia of good sable brushes...swirl them in white line-eraser and exorcise shadows...twirl them to a point in a dozen pots of make-up and draw a face as precise, as immaculate around the edges as the black velvet stripes on the dress.

Muffled in gold—look this way when you're feeling simply marvellous...carry a handkerchief of brilliant violet silk...and make the most triumphant entrance of the season. The jacket is long, weighted with wadding and quilting. Beneath, the strictest shimmer of gold-and-white silk brocade. By Scaasi, to order at Henri Bendel; Himelhoch's; Sakowitz. Dawnelle gloves. Coiffures: Ernst of Elizabeth Arden.

We've saved perfume till last for a reason: it's the last make-up to go on...the last trace of you in a room you've already left. (Long after the beauty at right has made her entrance, the air she swept through will hold her fragrance as film holds an image—something gay and adventurous, we expect, and indefinably golden.)

Great evenings – cover included





BRUCE DAVIDSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... WHAT'S ON THIS SEASON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . New York, the fun house, a frenzy, a miracle of bad timing. Everything is turned on. The choices range from Colleen Dewhurst in *The Ballad of the Sad Café* to Janis Paige in *Here's Love*, the Meredith Willson musical that is like falling into waffle batter: from Ethel Merman, a sane belter at the Plaza, to the insanity of Saturday night, late, at Trude Heller's: from the clutch of pianists and violinists to Bernstein, Ormandy, or Leinsdorf with their orchestras: from the montage abstraction of the movie, *Muriel*, to the old playfulness of Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn in *Charade;* from museum openings, starched with greatness to little galleries with pop art: from arias by Joan Sutherland and Leontyne Price to tunes on a washboard: from small parties to enormous benefit balls that try to disguise themselves as little private parties. All the time Ben Casey or one of his colleagues keeps calling.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Trude Heller's, a not-new Greenwich Village nightclub that everyone is surprised to find everyone else is going to. By eleven it's beyond S.R.O. and the cops are herding standees on the sidewalk. Inside, visiting Europeans, college students, New Yorkers are doing the Pony, the Wobble, and, if they're good, the Freeze. (That is the ague with muscles.) Four young, sample-sized dancers spell each other showing how to do, for instance, the Wobble with Hopi variations. The boys, who only need shaking room, dance above the crush on a high narrow ledge. The girls, in leotards, take turns on the bandstand where a couple of combos alternately go to the edge of death playing, especially, electric guitars. In this nonstop explosion of rhythm and noise, everything vibrates: the floor, the chairs, the non-dancers, the toy balloons. Nobody talks much. Nobody can. Violent bandstand noise is what brings people to Trude Heller's, that and the Other People There.



SEDUCTION SCENE
IN "THE REHEARSAL"



BARBRA STREISAND

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Barbra Streisand, a long pull of a girl with a face and hair that, before Kenneth, looked a little like Finley Peter Dunne's description of someone else: "a face thrown in anger"—has instantaneous rapport with all audiences, the same kind that belonged to Fanny Brice whom she will play later this season in *Funny Girl* on Broadway. Streisand belts songs; she caresses them until they almost suffocate; she is emotional, convinced, and brightly assured. Sometimes her voice comes perilously close to slipping off the songs altogether. It never does though; the girls who Have It never do.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Georges Braque jewels—or rather his designs for them, with the jewels, the drawings, and some lithographs of them now on exhibition this winter from Texas to San Francisco, from Chicago to Palm Beach, from Pittsburgh to New York. Among the best of this small number of exquisite pieces (the Louvre Museum in Paris bought ten right off) are a small golden head of a horse, a wide gold bracelet with a flying diamond bird. Braque, who recently died, began these jewel designs about two years ago when he could not find a ring exactly right for his wife. After he designed her gold ring with the head of a Greek goddess cut in relief in white onyx from black onyx, he began on these three-dimensional jewels with his major stipulation to the jeweller—no bright gold, no big diamonds.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The acid Anouilh comedy, *The Rehearsal*, in which Alan Badel so superbly manipulates a seduction scene that it turns itself inside out, with the seducee, Jennifer Hilary, falling into his arms—the acting so brilliantly meshed with the words that the sleight of seduction becomes the old shell game, this time in gold.



W. EUGENE SMITH

TURNBULL AND NEW GALLERY

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sculpture of William Turnbull who belongs to the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery group. (The gallery is new, enormous, and a constant threat to the older galleries.) In its own cold war the Marlborough-Gerson people—two London dealers, Francis Lloyd and Henry Fischer—have snagged some extremely good American artists to combine with their English list which includes Henry Moore and Francis Bacon. A Scot who works in London, Turnbull is a young sculptor, often given to placing effective balls of bronze, crisscrossed in relief, on waxed stands of either bronze or old, wonderful wood. To him those chunks are like heads, but not decapitated heads like busts, a form which he particularly dislikes. *To note:* The Marlborough-Gerson Gallery has planned for its first exhibition, a large show, called "Artist and the Maecenas: A Tribute to Curt Valentin," in memory of the extraordinary New York art dealer who sharply helped make some American collectors realize that sculpture would do for any place—museum, living room, table, pedestal.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Delphine Seyrig, sharply beautiful, her eyes wiser but not exactly sadder, an actress spuriously aged years beyond the way she usually looks (the way she usually looks, *right*) for her rôle as a widow who tries to revive both memory and desire in *Muriel*, a nervous, peculiarly glossy pale-blue movie directed by Alain Resnais with all of the tricks, but none of the flash, of his *Last Year at Marienbad* and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. In *Muriel*, all the Resnais techniques—the portentous lingering of the camera upon the insignificant, the abrupt cutting away from the possibly significant, the predilection for glances so charged that they might have been salvaged from late Eugene O'Neill, the vibrato of strings on the sound track to suggest Meaning—add up to precisely the same perfectly pointless diffusion of an essentially simple-minded story that is so irritating in recent French fiction—in the novels of Alain Robbe-Grillet or Claude Mauriac. . . . *Knife in the Water*, an overblown Polish movie that has its own pointlessness by being about three phenomenally uninteresting people who spend the whole of this interminable movie on a sailboat, a locale that gives the entire pretentious affair all the visual possibilities of the old television series *Adventures in Paradise*. (It is one of those rare, impossible instances when Gardner McKay would be welcome relief.)

WHAT'S ON THIS SEASON Continued



JUG MUSIC



DELPHINE SEYRIG, STAR OF "MURIEL"

THELONIOUS MONK

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sneaker for jug music—which can become a minor bad habit like chewing gum. Practised by Jim Kweskin and The Jug Band (above) the music consists of cheerful galloping rhythms and tunes wrung out of washboards, jugs, comb-and-paper, kazoos, and an elbow stovepipe, plus a few real-life instruments. It doesn't send anybody—not even fiercely moustached, lackadaisical Kweskin—it just fetches everybody right along. An evening with jug music fills listeners with a deliciously invigorating sense of the unimportance of it all. Jug music is apt to turn up at such nightclubs as The Bitter End Café, a black, cosy barn of a non-drinking place in Greenwich Village where people go to get away from all those glaucous-eyed headwaiters. Here they find, instead, Hilda, the spheroid manager, a friendly woman not unlike those women who run Western saloons on television.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Thelonious Monk, the pianist-composer of scathingly cool jazz, who after all these years is having His Year. His new album, *Criss-Cross* (Columbia), is just out. This month he will have a concert at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. Everything is working so patly for him that it seems like the climax of a Hollywood musical. In the meantime, at New York's Five Spot Café, ever-hatted Monk goes right on at the new piano he chose himself, turning out his thoughtfully careless music—a Jackson Pollock of sound.



HENRY CLARKE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Joan Sutherland who is all over the place—"The Telephone Hour," The Metropolitan Opera, recitals across the land, singing Lucia and Norma and a half dozen other heroines in a voice that pours like the most delicious water out of a silver pitcher. She always makes a picture—dead white face, long red hair, and, depending on the heroine, black velvet long dress or white chiffon, swirling, but always the neckline so low that she seems to have half an acre of exposed bosom. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The theatre: Albert Finney as Martin Luther, half-falling out of the pulpit of Wittenberg Cathedral in his passion against a papal bull—a performance that indelibly marks the minds of audiences with John Osborne's own version of the greatest Protestant theologian. . . . *Chips With Everything*, Arnold Wesker's immature, confused rebellion against the ways of the R.A.F. with both the aristocracy and the working class caricatured in a production that is clipped and exciting as long as the men are doing as best they can with the manual of arms, are marching smartly, or are stealing coal with clipped-second precision at midnight. (It just doesn't do to think about it.) . . . *A Case of Libel* by Henry Denker who adapted a chapter from Louis Nizer's book; it is all too like TV's Perry Mason and "The Defenders" but on stage. As usual with most trial plays, *Libel* has its fascinations, its bodings. . . . The beautiful cemetery beauty of a curious play, *Spoon River*, remarkably acted, lulling at times, but notably charged at others. . . . The two plays on one bill, *The Private Ear*, *The Public Eye*, with the former another episode in working-class agony, the latter frequently funny—an absurdity with Barry Foster absolutely knock-out as a private detective in a brown striped suit with pale-beige shoes and an appetite that includes in the maw of its delicacies macaroons, bananas, peanuts, raisins, and yoghurt.

WHAT'S ON THIS SEASON Continued



FINNEY
IN "LUTHER"



TOM COURTENAY
IN "BILLY LIAR"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Tom Courtenay, the young British actor who is almost embarrassingly convincing as an Angry Young Walter Mitty in the movie, *Billy Liar*. Motored with nervous energy, Courtenay made his mark on movie collectors in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. In *Billy Liar* his looks (alternately dreamily attractive and those of a post-graduate gutter rat) work together with solid direction and pleasant acting to make a small, fine, funny, sad portrait of a young man who can not face life because, according to his dour father, his mother bought him "special bluhdy cornflakes because of the bluhdy plastic submarine in the package."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The way Europeans visiting New York arrive already wise to the Spanish music, dancing (and the marvellous *flamenco* guitarist in the room opposite the bar) at the Château Madrid; to the Apollo Theatre in Harlem where Sam Cooke, who sings rather like a young masculine Ella Fitzgerald, is this month's Big One. . . . The relief wave of singers who *don't* sing folk songs; among them, Danny Meehan who looks like an Irishman from the *7th arrondissement*. Patricia Scott. an attractive blonde with the sex-appeal of Wheaties, and Felicia Sanders who hasn't changed in years; only her audience has.



GIVENCHY—THIS IS THE NIGHT LIFE

HORST

Soft, covered-up little looks that send out all the allure of a soft, throaty whisper. The ideas are Givenchy's; the making, American. And the fashion twist to the wearing here involves languor and jewelled naked sandals. Long overblouse, this page, with a carved front, curved peplum—an important seamed shape now from Givenchy. Black crêpe; about $85. Jewellery by Hattie Carnegie. Cowled crêpe, opposite, a long cerise overblouse and skirt with a great cut, quite long sleeves, and the unexpected touch of flapped sports-jacket pockets. About $90. These clothes made by Stella Sloat, in crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon (Julius Werk fabric). Everything at Altman's. Clothes, these two pages and the two following, also at Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. On all four pages: sandals made in Italy for Degas, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures by Pierre Henri. Pin, opposite page, by Schiaparelli. All rugs, on these pages, from private collections and through Kent-Costikyan.

GIVENCHY NIGHT LIFE



More charm from Givenchy—two important night shapes, both bright brocade. Two-piece coatdress, opposite, with the closer fit that's big at Givenchy now. Yellow-and-white brocade with a crisp round collar, long satin sash. Brocade of Celanese acetate (Wahnetah fabric); about $135. Pin by House of Rodel. The tea coat, on this page, with high-waisted seams—a heavenly look to step into now for dinner at home. This, flowery brocade in pink and white, of cotton and Celanese acetate (Couleur fabric); about $110. Both made by Stella Sloat. Pin by Hattie Carnegie. Everything here at Altman's. All the clothes, these pages and the preceding pages, also at Montaldo's; L. S. Ayres; Makoff.

HORST

A WORLD OF SNOW,
A WORLD ON SKIS—
GLEAMING, SILENT,
INTOXICATING.
NEW WAYS TO BE A
BEAUTY THERE—
NEW WAYS TO
DRESS FOR IT—
DAYS, EVENINGS.
ON SKIS AND OFF

SNOW...SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

Above you the sky hangs close—a huge, ravishing blue mantle . . . thousands of feet below valley villages spread white and sparkling . . . and all around that incredibly pure and bitey mountain air, silent except for the sound of skier calling to skier. Or the sound of boats and skates hissing across ice. Or the sound of sleighs flaking snow, like a mad rush of cake knives into frosting. . . . This is the life. No longer the passion of a few fine sportsmen or a handful of eccentrics in baggy pants. No longer limited, in fact, to skiers: this is the life with something for everyone, all year, all over the world—the Rockies, the Himalayas, the Chilean Andes, the Japan Alps. In Europe one explores a feast of snowy villages, drinks mulled wine in a hundred little inns. Or one hooks a gallon of the local vintage on a fir branch and starts a wine tree on a Colorado mountain-top. Colorado is marvellous now—mountains thrusting up everywhere, plenty of snow, and all roads from Denver leading straight to ski-heaven. Every kind of trail—gentle runs, hair-raising runs around trees, wide-open sweeps of snow as unruffled as fresh linen. Every lift—Vail, one of Colorado's newest resorts, has the world's longest gondola-type. Every luxury—saunas, heated outdoor swimming pools, boutiques at which you cheerfully leave your last sou. A wonderful night-life, gay and easy-going: in Crested Butte—an old mining town newly slicked up for the ski boom—the fun place is the Grubstake, where everyone polkas and limbos all night . . . and looks divine. This is the place to wear brilliant velvet pullovers—ruby-red, bright violet, a print-*sauvage*—over black satin leotards or beaded woollen pants . . . a fur tunic over a cherry-red turtleneck . . . gold-embroidered velvet evening boots. For day: have boots so superbly made they seem to fuse you to your skis . . . feel their hold tight on the instep, flat on the heel. Take pride in the way you look on skis . . . in the clean stretch of your ski pants . . . the fit of a well-cut parka . . . the pretty silk parkas that go over layers of sweaters and whip and whistle in the wind. As for the glow in your face, the gleam in your eyes: they're tax-free gifts of the ski-life. Be proud of them.

THE 24-KARAT EVENING FACE—MADE UP IN SUNLIGHT, right. This is a face to feel glorious in. Gleaming and vital, it seems to have caught the day's sunshine and turned it—for evening—into pure gold. . . . A shaft of gold shadow under the peak of the eyebrow; a silvery shadow-cream under that; and, setting the whole eye alluringly deep: a stroke of Gris Brun at the pleat of the lid. . . . On the cheeks: Sheik rouge. On the lips: Sheik lipstick and a glistening Silver Jonquil overcoat. All by Elizabeth Arden. Hood of natural Russian Crown sable, by Mr. John. Trifari necklaces. All at Bonwit Teller. Hood, also Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE





SNOW...SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

On these pages, two ways to live The Life anywhere from Denver to the Colorado Rockies—actively, comfortably: a depth of chinchilla and a lean, belted matte moiré ski-tunic. Chinchilla hood, opposite, wrapped on the horizontal—wonderful for sleighing, brisk walks in the snow. Here, it's worn with a coat that's a floor-length flood of chinchilla. A marvellous look over the slink of a black satin leotard after skiing or over a long evening dress. (For instance at the Débutante Ball, December 23, at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel.) Both of Aurora chinchilla by Fredrica. Also at Hudson's; Harold's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Necklaces by Hattie Carnegie at Lord & Taylor. Black moiré ski-tunic, right, matte and water-repellent. Leashed with a leather thong. Zipped up the side, with a welted front panel and a detachable hood. Parka of cotton-and-nylon, about $90. Pants of stretch wool-and-nylon, about $60. Both by Dior Sport at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Belt by Colony. Sig Buchmayr gloves.

HENRY CLARKE



SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

Quilted white stretch parka, left, on its way up in one of the bead-bright gondola-lifts at Colorado's Crested Butte—its hood is concealed here under a huge wool turtleneck. Of Antron nylon; Dacron-filled. About $33. Sun-yellow stretch pants of Anglo "Anglastique" wool and Du Pont nylon. About $30. Both, by McGregor. Best & Co.; Joseph Horne; Carson Pirie Scott; Roos-Atkins. Samuel Robert calfskin headband. Boots by Jules André. The Renauld of France sunglasses are the ones that will be used by the 1964 U. S. Winter Olympic Teams. Pony-expressed parka, right, playing mountain goat at Vail, Colorado. The neck folded over a beige hood. Brown Brazilian ponyskin, beige poplin sleeves (Reeves cotton), Curon-lined. $150 plus tax. Pants, $40; hood, $6. Both: Swiss stretch wool-and-nylon gabardine. All by and at Jules André. Boots at Jules André. Both pages: Sig Buchmayr gloves.



JÉRÔME DUCROT



THIS IS THE LIFE

FROM PORTILLO IN THE CHILEAN ANDES TO THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS... ON TO JAPAN— THIS IS THE LIFE FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE

From June to September, some of the world's finest skiing is at Portillo, Chile, where the seasons are the exact reverse of North America's. One's first taste of Chile is Santiago—and winter. The train for Portillo leaves from Los Andes, first of a series of farming villages that suddenly end as the train begins to climb. And climb. Hairpin turns, one after the other, wind through breathtaking drifts of snow and jagged skyscrapers of dark brown rock. Portillo itself is not a village but a kind of village-within-a-hotel that turns on the charm for just four hundred guests at a time. This is a skier's paradise—mile upon mile of untouched snow served by three lifts, and all the room in the world for long sweeping runs down the mountain. The air is clear, thin, sharp...warm enough, midday, to sit outdoors in a sweater, your head thrown back to the sun...the sky so blue it seems near enough to touch. At the end of the day your face glows with the colour of sun, snow, and clean, cold air. At about eight o'clock the other side of The Life begins: the hours are Spanish—dinner around ten—then into the Boîte, the dark nightclub where one dances, in narrow slacks, until three or four and pauses, briefly, for sleep until the ski-lifts open at nine-thirty. In any ski resort—from the High Atlas Mountains of Morocco to Japan, New Zealand to St. Moritz, Colorado to Australia—the woman who spends her days out-of-doors, nights dancing, will find these things vital: A really good moisturizer, and plenty of it—the men in your life have a way of lifting it while you're not looking; suntan lotion, or if your skin is sensitive to sun, a sun-blocking lotion. The sun's refraction off the intensely white snow means that one hour can be as damaging as five on the beach. A good defense here is very heavy make-up beginning with a layer of denser base than you'd wear at any other time. As one woman we know put it, "the more glop you have on your face, the better," the glow will still be there. Try heightening it, evenings, with touches of gold or silver make-up. A dusting of silver shadow on the lash-tips opens eyes wide, gives them the gleam needed in a dark nightclub — no matter where you are, clubs in ski places seem darker than anywhere else in the world...and twice as much fun.

The most luxurious parka in the world, left, of Empress chinchilla with knitted wool cuffs and waistband. By Ritter Bros. at Henri Bendel; Rich's; Sakowitz; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Chinchilla mittens by Ritter Sport, to order at Henri Bendel.

HENRY CLARKE



Pink and white and mink, above—always pretty, but ravishing as they fly through snow....Stretch of pale pink in a pullover, parka, pants. Brown mink hood and leather-palmed mink mittens. Parka, about $55; pants about $45. Both of worsted and stretch nylon. Unseen: pink cotton pullover, about $9. All by Ernst Engel. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's. Mittens by Ritter Sport. Lilly Daché hood.

HENRY CLARKE

SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

Looking marvellous in Chile's Portillo, left, or wherever the feeling for dash runs high: a straight-to-the-hips blue fox parka, leashed with black capeskin. Coming in on cue, plump blue fox mittens. Parka by Ritter Bros. of Saga Norwegian blue fox. At Rich's; Goldwaters; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Mittens by Ritter Sport. Lynx parka, right, cream-coloured and speckled with brown. Side-zipped, extends to the hips. Inside—the extra warmth of lamb's wool. Great to ski in—great in town with white tweed, textured stockings, cocoa suède boots. Parka by Walt Stiel of natural lynx belly. At Altman's; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Wool and nylon stretch gabardine ski pants, this page, at Jules André.

SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

Silky little black broadtail jacket, this page, to wear in the Andes when the business of skiing is what you're there for, to wear right now—days, evenings—in town. What it wants: tones of brown—stretch pants, a soft Angora hood, black broadtail helmet. The Alaskan husky is attached to the mountain school of the Chilean Army. Parka by Ritter Bros., of Argentine black-dyed broadtail lamb processed by Hammer Brand's "Lammoiré." At Nan Duskin; Woolf Brothers; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Pants of stretch wool and nylon by Ernst Engel. Hansen cashmere knitted gloves. Adolfo hood and helmet. Stretch parka in navy blue, right: wonderful with all the whites—bright Chilean snow and a spanking white knitted hood that tucks into a chin-high wool turtleneck. Parka, about $50; pants, about $40; both of Anglo wool and Du Pont nylon. Hood, about $7. All: Glen of Michigan. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Halle Bros. Sun Flyte Sportglas goggles at Sandow.



HENRY CLARKE

SKIING—THIS IS THE LIFE

On these pages, two parkas with the same unfailingly wonderful shape—rangy and long, with the dash of unexpected fabrics. Both are light and unfettering, allow plenty of swooping on the way down the mountain and plenty of warmth on the lift-ride up. Bear in mind that it's June or July when you pack for Chile, but the weather is February in the Andes. A crew-cut depth of midnight-blue, above, in a parka that's cut long and full like a fisherman's shirt, zipped to a funnel collar, cuffed in blue suède. Looking deliciously fresh and sparkling against the blue: a white hood, snappy black-and-white racing gloves, racing goggles. Also on the way up, one of Portillo's ski lifts—a Poma-lift, in this case. Parka by Loomtogs, of Acrilan and Dynel (Glenoit fabric). About $50. At Altman's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Sun Flyte Sportglas goggles at Sandow. Black coin dots, right on a white velvet parka—up to the chin, down to the hips. By Loomtogs of Avisco rayon (fabric by Martin). About $40. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frederick & Nelson. Adolfo black velvet helmet. Gloves: Sig Buchmayr.

HENRY CLARKE





HENRY CLARKE

SNOW—THIS IS THE LIFE

When real enticement is what's wanted in the evening (after a day spent bringing the Chilean Andes to their knees), switch to something sleek...or shaggy. Quilted black silk fencing jacket, left, light as air, blooming with the brightest pink flowers, closed with flower-puffs. Terribly pretty way to look—long, lean, with a turtleneck making things even longer here. Jacket by Vêtements de Vacances, of Staron silk. Lining of quilted Crylor and silk pongee. Black stretch pants of Helanca nylon and wool, by White Stag. Both are at Lord & Taylor. Snowbound monkey-fur tunic, above, rivetting in and out of doors. Wear it at Chile's Portillo Hotel over a long black leotard, or in town now over a short, narrow black dress...as a blouse with a long black skirt. Full of coal-black gleam — and divine. Tunic and wool leotard by Biki of Milan. K. J. L. ring.



Who uses—and therefore must need—mechanical devices for the toning of muscles? We asked a gossipy brain machine for the answer and it came up

PEOPLE

What's average doesn't always move us. Hearing that the common cold lasts an average of 13.6 days hasn't done much one way or another to affect our own colds. Nor has information about the average rainfall ever told us which day to wear a raincoat. But in the case of beauty, what's average has more-than-average significance because it can forewarn—can describe in a general sort of way—a time and circumstance in which, based on other people's experience, one had better keep an eye out for a change in one's good-looks weather.

Having raised the who-actually-needs-it question with a firm successful in improving the nation's body-measurements by way of an electronic device designed to tone and tauten the muscles, we were introduced to the company's mouthpiece, a handsome young I.B.M. machine, which was directed to answer anything we asked. Clearing our throat, standing squarely at the right of what we'd been told was the machine's good ear, we inquired: "Who is the average user of the device your company makes?"

After consulting with a friend, a distinguished-looking older machine, our new acquaintance coughed up the answer in a series of perforated cards which were then whizzed on for interpretation by a largish staff of human beings. Tabulating quickly and speaking from notes, one of the latter said, "Our purchasers are from fourteen to eighty-four years old. Our usual sales of about eight percent to men have, in the last year, doubled to around sixteen percent. But our typical customer, year in, year out, is age thirty-two, female, and has two children." Which taught us something. Housebound some of the time, beginning to feel a slackness starting in her musculature, the woman of thirty-two is smart enough to do something about the shape in which she finds herself, and has the discipline to take on a regular program of self-help.

Interested in what else the machine knew and would tell, we asked about *non*-average users of Relax-A-cizor, which happened to be the actual device under discussion. After a moment of what we took to be cybernetics chop-licking, the I.B.M. machine rattled off fourteen cards which, when tabulated and interpreted, revealed the following: Among the users are a past-President of the United States. The first or second lead in every show on Broadway last spring. Several U.S. ambassadors. One Soviet diplomat ("highly placed" was the expression the interpreter used to describe him) who asked an American comedian, famous for his travels, to bring the transistor model the next time he came to Russia, but not to make a big noise about it. Also on the actively-using list: the entire police department of a town in Westchester, New York. The Polaris submarine squadron. A Supreme Court judge. A gaggle of tycoons, one of whom the I.B.M. machine fussed about because he was found to be delinquent in his payment for the device. Dozens of movie stars, male and female. Dozens of athletes, male and female. One sheik and his harem. One woman who'd reached the age of eighty and wrote that she believed it was now time for her to start watching her figure. . . .

PETER BEARD

BEAUTY

BULLETIN

Vogue's November 15 beauty eye: on the head glorified for evening

THE EXTRAVAGANT NIGHT FACE: HOW TO MAKE IT UP . . . EVENING HAIR: HOW TO MAKE IT DAZZLING

Separating the women from the girls this season—but not from the men—is a certain unquellable extravagance about the handling of the night face, the night hair. This year, any woman with a taste for adventure in her looks is organizing an evening face and a head of hair that involve at least one component, if not several, that she wouldn't dream of wearing during the day.

The word is in from some of this country's more adventurous make-up chambers. In every precinct, there is a mass rejection of the heavy eyebrow (although West of the Rockies many women who've given up eyebrow make-up are turning to smoothing and glossing their eyebrows with moustache wax—Max Factor reports that requests for this curious item doubled last month). . . . Also out is the face made up all over with a relentlessly even heaviness, rather like the canvas of a painter who feels he may never latch onto another piece of linen. The weightily made-up face may reflect a charmed admirer in the dressing table mirror, but fifteen minutes out of the house and it starts to melt, darken, look vaguely untidy.

The new night face in power supports no more make-up weight than its owner is certain will survive the evening. Every part of it has been given creative attention; texture and tone have been dealt with; lowlights and highlights are alluringly mixed, the latter achieved sometimes, after face is in place, by a fast brush with kitchen wax paper; idea by Charles of the Ritz.

The new night face uses some gold or some silver, one way or another. The way might be solid gold eye shadow (Elizabeth Arden has this; so has Revlon). Or it might be brown or grey eye shadow glinted with gold or silver (Helena Rubinstein's Silver Smoke and Golden Smoke are both moulders and glinters). A few stopper night faces are flickering gold eyelashes, arrived at by gilding fake lashes with gold eye-liner (Estée Lauder has this by the easily-handled tubeful). Then there's golden face powder (Revlon's Gold Lamée, Ultima variety). Gold and silver is getting in the hair these ways: via spray (Nestle's Streaks 'n' Tips) or by way of eye-liner—women using silver or gold eye-liners have taken to dabbing a thread of same into their hair, an idea they encountered at the Max Factor salon. Gold and silver nail enamel is slipped over daytime polish on toenails that shine through stripped dancing shoes (L'Oréal Crushed Silver and Crushed Gold are the new polishes). . . . Women touched with the silver or gold make-up idea go out into the night knowing that it has a thousand eyes, and they're obviously unaverse to having every single pair of (Continued, page 163)



Bundles and tendrils are the images that wrap up the message of the evening coifs, next three pages.

Head-fitting hair profiled with tendrils

The look at right goes on these nights in Rome; hair brought much closer to the head, swept with deep bangs, and self-ornamented with brief, brisk whirls of tirabaci (literal trans., kiss magnets, or lovelocks, we suppose). Coiffure by Claudio. Comment by us: we like the new proportion this coiffure represents.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI









BEAUTY BULLETIN

HEADS DRESSED FOR EVENING ... NEW FIT, NEW DAZZLE... HAIRPIECES PERFORMING A SWITCH...

Idea we hardly need push (it's been off the ground for better than a year now): any woman with any kind of evening life needs a small battery of brilliant ways to wear her hair at night. Clearly non-day ways; fetching ways. Within this idea something new is developing now: a liking for evening coiffures that look smaller, less overblown than the shape that was beginning to grow skyward, curlily. The new shape fits the head more closely. Its thickness seems heavy, real. It dwells on gleam and gloss—in a word, *condition.* And its hairpieces are on a switched track. (For the woman who's nowhere near ready to part with her hairpiece, no worry—a resetting and rethinking is what we envision.) . . . The two coiffures on these pages were done for Vogue by Kenneth, who has used both real hair and fake hair for each look. In both cases, switches or hairpieces have been used for control and ornamentation. The hairpiece *itself* keeps the hair in place and adds the charm. . . . At left, hair that's short and straight for day wraps up this way: first, a small round wiglet is pinned at the back, catching up all loose ends. Around the head goes a twisted coronet of switch; at the nape, a glossy bundle of fake hair. And that's it. . . . At right, hair that's all one length (shoulder length) for day is twisted into a sausage roll pinned down the back of the head, crown to nape. A long tassel-shaped switch is attached to the side of the head near the crown, coiled in a question-mark, pinned around, and swung down into a loose loop over one shoulder. . . . The rhinestoned bobby pins by K.J.L.: at Kenneth Boutique.

PENN



One of the great contrasts for great evenings now—the new black-and-white blaze of jewellery like this: rhinestones, jet; smoked fake pearls with white; grey crystal with black. From the top down: Necklace of water lilies, each a cluster of pavé small rhinestones; gilt setting. By Trifari; $150*. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. Bib of smoky-grey fake baroque pearls, a triple strand; at the centre of each strand, a row of pompon beads the colour of crystallized ginger. By Richelieu; $30*. Altman's; Joseph Horne. Black-and-white earrings: pavé jet stones, rhinestones. By Hattie Carnegie; $10*. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Smoky and white pearls—unreal; wonderful mixed. Double strand, $55*; longer single strands, $45* each. Camellia pins: pavé rhinestone petals, unreal pearl centres—one white, one smoky; each, $85*. By Nettie Rosenstein. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Black-and-white flower necklace of jet beads, small mock pearls, set in black filigree; $180*. Pin, a larger flower; $45*. By Miriam Haskell. Saks Fifth Avenue. Facing page: grey and white crystal bracelets—two bracelets of glittery smoky-grey crystals, two of water-clear rhinestones, each coiled twice around the arm. Each, $10*. The great black flower, a pin of clear black stones, to wear any number of ways. $20*. By Bergère. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Woolf Brothers; Joseph Magnin. *PLUS TAX

MORE SMOKE THAN FIRE

PENN



Setting in search of a character

here

—the park is empty. It's dawn—or twilight. Not everyone who sat or will sit here was or will be deliriously happy, necessarily. But the props are right. The setting is a lure for amiability . . . for liking . . . and possibly, therefore, for happiness. The reason we talk about setting is because scent seems lately to have moved into that seeable realm for American women. It has begun to be realized as something legitimately atmospheric—a most forceful part of the personality and at the same time a most delicate attraction (the absence of which is as noticeable as the absence of charm).

Each man, we're told, associates one scent with one woman. It fixes a woman in his memory—and this fact has its drawbacks. It means that faithfulness to a scent should be intentional, not accidental: and it should follow deliberation. . . . There are, by our count, four hundred and ninety-two perfumes for U.S.A. women to deliberate on. Of these, a few are pretty well agreed-on exemplaries (although not all adhere to some perfumers' rule that to be counted as great a perfume must have satisfied two generations). Who's elected to greatdom depends, of course, upon who's doing the electing: perfume designers, who grant their respect to a scent on the highest and purest basis—or the perfume-wearer, who may consider a perfume great because it's done great things for her. There are still other perfumes which might appear on some professional critics' lists as remarkable, valuable, possibly great—but admittedly "special" in some way. (Specialness in this case could have to do with source, insistence, uniqueness to a point of limited appeal—or special only in that the perfume is not *generally* known, or perhaps not widely distributed.) There are approximately another fifteen interesting perfumes that might be everything to the woman who wears them, and then some—these are the perfumes made by houses primarily devoted to the making of cosmetics, and as such, consistent in their use of that perfume as a key scent in other things produced by the house—bath oils, bath powders, creams, lotions, and now, in four or five cases, hair products. (Women who want one scent to run the show, head to foot, may do well to consider the fragrances of these houses.) There are also a few perfumes in America that have followed the French perfume route: they're attached to names that have been attached to dresses. *And,* beyond these groups are the fragrances—often very nice ones—that have been taken across the country, house to house, and introduced on the spot to women to the accompaniment of cosmetics. . . .

The following are generally considered among the exemplary perfumes of our time. Balenciaga's Quadrille. Balmain's Jolie Madame. Caron's Bellodgia. Chanel No. 5. D'Albret's Écusson. Miss Dior by Dior. Givenchy's Le De. Cabochard by Grès. Guerlain's new Chant d'Arômes. Arpège by Lanvin. Patou's Joy. Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps. Femme by Marcel Rochas.

Held by more than a few people—perfume critics and perfume wearers—to belong to the group above are these: Ma Griffe by Carven. Crêpe de Chine by Millot. Carnet de Bal by Revillon. Antilope by Weil. Bond Street by Yardley.

Important considerations in any perfume deliberation are these two new ones: Calèche by Hermès (new to this country) and Graffiti by Capucci (new entirely).

And with ever so many women, as well as in some perfumers' books, perfumes from the following quite long list come first of all. Each has a specialness of one sort or another (which could in fact operate as a plus): Ciro's Reflexions. Corday's Toujours Moi. Dana's Ambush. Intoxication by D'Orsay. White Shoulders by Evyan. Houbigant's Présence. Lancôme's Magie. Lenthéric's Miracle. Lubin's Nuit de Longchamp. Maja by Myrurgia. Stradivari by Matchabelli. Connu by Molyneux. Strategy by Mary Chess. Ondine by Ondine Parfums. Visa by Piguet. Replique by Raphael. EveReve by Rigaud. (Continued on page 163)

GENE LAURENTS



AT NIGHT: COLOURS OF A BOLDER STRIPE

Suddenly, this looks new and delicious: nightdresses in stripes —wide ones, in bright, strong colours and clean white. Yellow-and-white striped nightdress, *left;* a fall of bows at the shoulders. Blue-and-white stripes, *right,* running horizontally across the top. Pink-and-white stripes, *centre right,* with a wide collar. Green-and-white stripes, *far right;* shirred drawstring neckline. All are in tricot made of Allied Chemical's new Caprolan nylon—nylon with a talent for taking colours clearly. All by Iris; each, about $23. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché hairpins. Coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché.

BERT STERN

Here's our idea of a marvellous evening shoe: great new profile, great new neutral colour. It's wine-red satin, and it can do everything a black shoe can do—but more excitingly. Looks sensational with white, with cream, with café au lait, divine with black or with gunmetal embroidery. Roger Vivier's design—bow-tied through tiny eyelets, circled in brilliants, with a heel curved in like a comma, and the softest toe in the world. Footlights here: two necklaces—grey, crystal, and coal-black stones hung with big bogus pearls.

THE NEWEST NEUTRAL—WINE-RED SATIN



Roger Vivier's extraordinarily delicate new way of encasing the foot for day...toes soft and flat as the fingers of gloves...a lovely straight line from sole to toe...openwork, like 18th-century cutout design, on the vamps. And again, the heavenly wine reds—perfect with everything. Wine-red suède, foreground, strapped and buckled, with a beautifully proportioned stacked heel. Wine-red calfskin in back: nailheads on the toe, a gold-buttoned strap making a small opening on the vamp. All, to order: Roger Vivier Salon, Paris.

GLOVER'S SHOE FOR DAY—WINE WITH EVERYTHING

GUY BOURDIN

THE BOUTIQUE SHOPPER

Paris in America–



3



5



2



4



1

On these two pages: the small delights of Paris—a Christmas cache of Somethings Divine from the most enticing Paris boutiques. **1.** Six belts around a column, top to bottom: Papillon-bowed ribbon of black glacé leather. By Cuvreau for Simonetta & Fabiani. . . . Narrow strap of golden suède. By Cuvreau for Hugues Caspers. . . . Crush of brown glacé leather, amber buckle. By Cuvreau. . . . Rope of fake pearls. By Cis for Simonetta & Fabiani. . . . Knotted string of burgundy calfskin. By Cuvreau for Balenciaga. . . . Burnt-orange suède ribbon. By Cuvreau for Cardin. **2.** The smartest sweater in Paris: wickered black-on-white wool pullover. By Léonard for Hermès. Black crocodile jockey cap by Hermès for Roger Vivier. Both at Lord & Taylor; sweater at I. Magnin after December 1. **3.** Shirt of white crêpe. By Soubrier for the Dior Boutique. Matelot pants—low on the hip, wider at the ankles—black paillettes all over. Dior Boutique. **4.** Magnified black-beaded evening handbag with silver mountings, leather handle; 19½″ wide by 12½″ high by 8″ deep. Laroche Boutique. **5.** Top to bottom, turquoise evening envelope of crocodile. By Hermès for Roger Vivier. . . . Choker of navy-blue and green carved beads. By Grixpoix for the Dior Boutique. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Quilted black satin envelope and a spoked pin. From Chanel. . . . Choker of bogus mothball pearls. By Grixpoix. At Saks Fifth Avenue. **6.** Heathery tweed stockings in two standing versions. St. Laurent Boutique. At I. Magnin. . . . Reclining: diamond-patterned leotards of the palest pink. Balenciaga. **7.** Fringed frontier suit of tobacco veau velours suède; hat of caramel glacé leather. By Z. Merenlender for the St. Laurent Boutique. At I. Magnin. **8.** Chez-vous idea: Marvellously woolly déshabillé of thick sorrel tweed, dark-brown knitted



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13



11



11

sleeves. This and the pebbly pin: St. Laurent Boutique. At I. Magnin. Flowered prints by Paule Marrot. At Margaret Owen. **9.** Three Vuitton ways to travel, top to bottom: the "boîte à tout," 10½" by 6½" by 4½"; jewellery case, 12¼" by 8¾" by 3¾"; dispatch case or small-scale overnight bag, 15¾" by 11¾" by 4". All of Vuitton toile with Vuitton locks, leather handles. At Saks Fifth Avenue. **10.** Worn as a crown, a bogus pearl necklace and jewelled baroque cross. By Scemama for the St. Laurent Boutique. At I. Magnin. The pharaoh-like gold fringe is a necklace, too. By Cis. **11.** At-home pyjama of Bangkok silk, three-tiered necklace of Indian rubies. Both by Cis. **12.** Quilted cardigan coat of deep caramel veau velours suède. By Théroine for the Laroche Boutique. **13.** Staccato-printed white shirt-sweater; red silk collar, tab. By Hermès. After December 1, at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. **14.** Two bulky basket-weave pullovers by Janine Proco. Red from the Ricci Boutique; fringed green: Patou Boutique. Over-the-shoulder leather pouch from Simonetta & Fabiani; russet burlap pouch, woven leather shoulder strap: Lanvin Boutique. Both at Bonwit Teller. **15.** Wool jersey kerchief on a glacé leather band. St. Laurent Boutique. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. **16.** Rainbow of nylon stockings—beigey apricot is ravishing for evening. By Maxandre. **17.** Black crocodile handbags: small, for evening, clasped by jet beads and brilliants; the other two have watches for clasps. By Roney. Bonwit Teller. **18.** Renaissance hand, ringed from the thumb across: cabochon turquoise frothy with pearls; pearl-edged tiger's eye with a trail of pearls on gold chains; emeralds and pearls, like a bubbling leaf on a gold stem; cat's-eye cabochon surrounded by diamonds. On the fifth finger, cabochon emerald, star ruby, diamonds, an emerald drop. All: Cis.



15



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12



GUY BOURDIN

17



18



VOGUE
PATTERNS



DIOR:
VOGUE PATTERN 1309

WILLY RIZZO



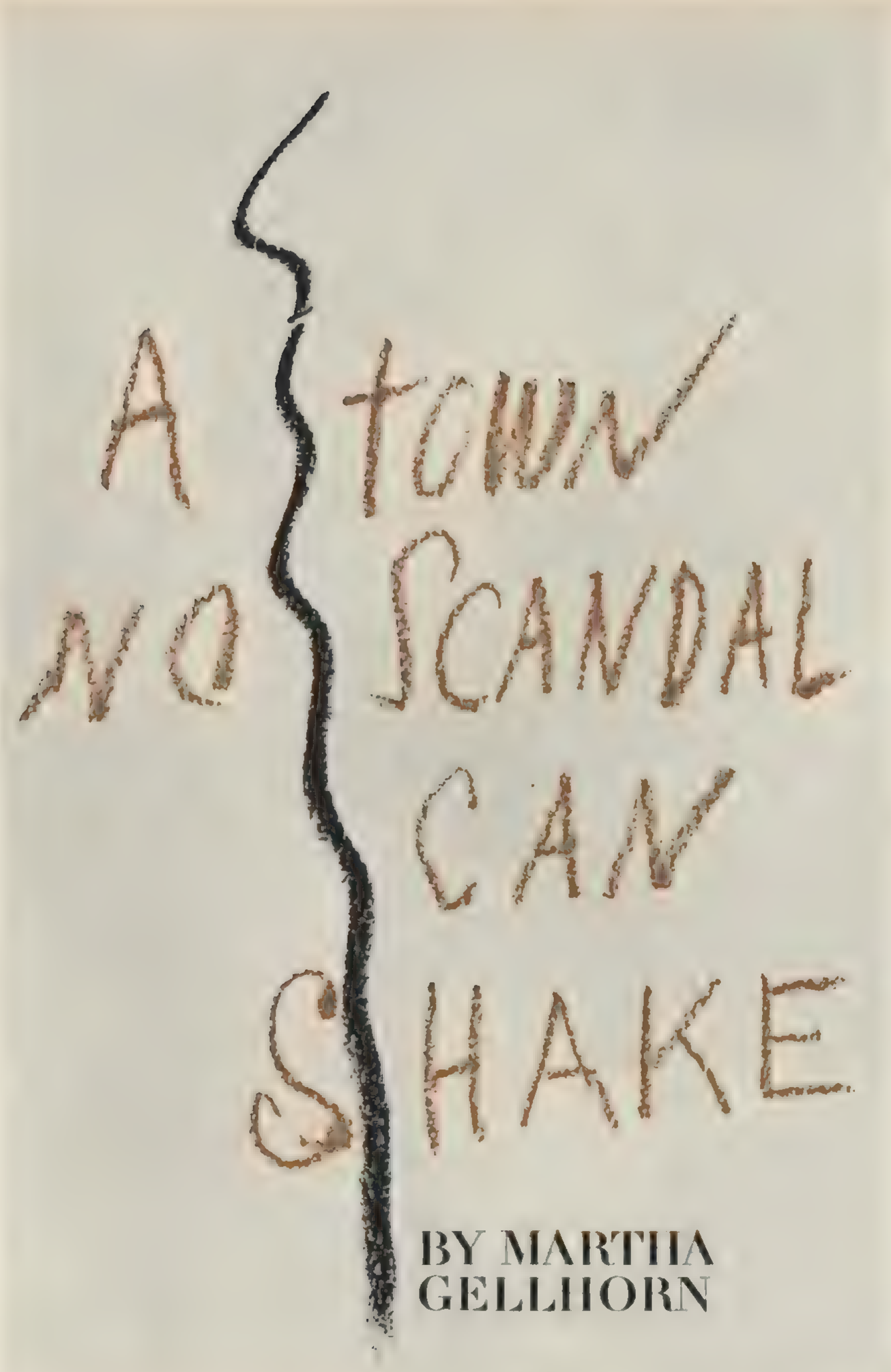
LAROCHE:
VOGUE PATTERN 1310

Elsa Martinelli— at home in Paris tweed and leopard

Elsa Martinelli has—besides all the attributes of a sultry, glamourous Italian movie star—a rich flair for comedy. In *The V.I.P.'s,* she does a gleeful takeoff on a sultry, glamourous Italian movie star with a wacky, euphoric charm. Here, in Paris, Miss Martinelli in two amusing at-home costumes from the Paris Collections: both ready, with Vogue Patterns, to make themselves at home anywhere.

Dior's jump suit, facing page, in bright emerald-green silk—with a deeply-V'ed blouse, wide pants held by a band at the ankle; over them a wrapped side-slit skirt of blurry plaid mohair tweed. Huge triangular stole of the same tweed; wine-red suède belt, jewelled fastening. Original, by Dior, in Abraham silk charmeuse, mohair tweed by Bernat Klein. Pattern, Vogue Paris Original Model 1309; ready November 25.

Laroche's dinner pyjama, this page: flowing pants of black wool-and-silk, hung from a camisole; over this, a little leopard caraco that closes at the back. Black patent leather belt, patent leather and leopard pumps. Original, by Laroche, in Ducharne wool-and-silk crêpe; Somali leopard caraco. Pattern, Vogue Paris Original Model 1310; ready on November 25. Shoes by Roger Vivier. Miss Martinelli's hair was done—as it always is in Paris—by Carita, who added, here, a long, switchy pigtail. Other views, sizes, and yardages are on page



EDITOR'S NOTE: A sharp, memorable woman possessed of great curiosity, Martha Gellhorn has moved through her era's political and literary life with the ease of a pretty Kilroy. She has written almost a dozen books; her latest novel, *His Own Man*, was published by Simon and Schuster in 1961. During the Thirties and Forties, for *Collier's*, she filed war reports from Spain, Czechoslovakia, Finland, China, Italy, France, and Germany. It was behind the Loyalist lines during the Spanish Civil War that she met Ernest Hemingway, to whom she was married for five years; their marriage took place in 1940, the year he dedicated *For Whom the Bell Tolls* with the line: "This book is for Martha Gellhorn."

Do we agree that happiness is a serious matter? Americans are granted the pursuit of same as a constitutional right; but happiness itself is not defined. *The Concise Oxford Dictionary* says briefly, as if dismayed by the word, that "happy" means "lucky, fortunate, content with one's lot"; and perhaps the combination of all three is a definition. But surely it is an art to be happy; or a talent, or a gift; it is also an act of discipline. A happy man or woman needs intelligence to put first things first, and to count blessings. I know a few happy people, very few; of them I would say that they were predisposed to be happy rather than unhappy, that they noticed what was good in their lives and had the wit to enjoy it, that they kept a firm sense of proportion. But at present I am dazed and baffled by a phenomenon, an entire village of one thousand souls who delight in their lives and wish for no other. A community of happy people who go on being happy, apparently, year after year, generation after generation.

This village, East Hendred, is charming to look at but not one of England's famous beauty spots. Charabancs of tourists do not arrive to gape at the local loveliness. No one arrives, as a matter of fact; people simply live here. The village rambles along the side of the Berkshire Downs, which naturally means Ups. There is the familiar general sweetness of English villages; the half-timbered cottages, the brilliant small gardens, the great trees, the old church, the old pubs, the Elizabethan brick manor house, the lanes that end in footpaths. There is also the new familiar repulsiveness of modern mass building which the English have not learned to handle: tasteless brick houses, constructed all alike, set down like so many boxes in a row—but they are clumped together

at the western edge of the hamlet—and the old village and the old villagers achieve a calm blindness towards this intrusion.

East Hendred is old as time; its first charter was granted in 956 A.D. but people lived here long before then, as proved by a brass Roman coin, dated 364, which was dug casually from a cottage basement. In a book of village genealogies names appear, interlock, proliferate, and die out centuries before America was discovered. The village blacksmith, turned plumber, comes of a family known here since the eighteenth century. An ordinary farmer, living in a tumbledown cottage, traces his lineage back to a knight in the seventeenth century. The Squires have lived in their manor house since 1443. The enchanting pub, called the Plough, is 450 years old and the same family have been dispensing beer therein for seventy-two years. This extraordinary stability, the sense that life lasts and does not blow away on any wind, may be an ingredient of happiness.

Yet East Hendred is not back of beyond, an isolated enclave protected from the nervous modern world. Oxford is forty-five minutes away by bus; London is an hour away by train. And only a few miles up the road, England's giant atomic research establishment, Harwell, covers a mile and a half of the Downs. You would think those immense chimneys and the strange reactors would alarm the people of East Hendred; not at all; they troop off to work "at the atomic," taking this miracle and terror of our times in their stride. They bus or drive to Oxford and earn good wages in the pressed steel and automobile plants. For over a thousand years, they were all farmers; now farmers are a vanishing race and the surrounding farms are mechanized. One would expect all this to change the people, make them restless, discontented with their lot, greedy for more, hungry for what is new. Instead they return at night to the unbroken quiet of their village, pleased with their pay packets, and wanting no part of the bustling outside world.

London itself might be as distant and alien as Budapest or Athens. Many of these people have never been there; few have gone more than once or twice. An intelligent young woman of thirty, who lives across the lane from me, has visited London twice; once when she was a child, once when her husband took her. She will probably never go again. "London frightens me," she said, "I don't like it." A newcomer, a delightful white-haired woman who has only lived here fourteen years, decided to give her "help" a treat and take her on an outing to London. Mrs. Jenkins was in her late sixties and had never seen the great city. She sniffed at Westminster Abbey, saying that nearby Faringdon Cathedral was much handsomer; she declared that London made too much of its wartime bombing, Faringdon had been bombed far more; she did want to ride on the escalator at Harrod's but couldn't get up her nerve, and so left, never to see London again, never to ride on an escalator, and relieved to be out of it all. Only the younger and more enterprising go to Oxford, perhaps to see a play or to shop or to get a breath of city life; the nearest little market town is enough for the others.

You might conclude from this that here is a bunch of dull-eyed yokels living like vegetables. Not at all. They are bright and busy; they read; television aerials sprout from their thatched roofs; they follow the news in the papers (with peculiar reactions, but they follow all the same). Everyone works; there is full employment, but work itself seems transformed—there is none of the exhaustion you see on city faces, morning and evening at the rush hour; none of the terrible sadness of those drained, strained machines for earning more money to live another day to earn more money. When the folk of East Hendred return from their day's jobs they look as serene as when they left; they potter happily in their gardens which are their private jewels, they gather at the pub and talk to each other about horses (for they are a jolly betting folk) and local events, and knock back their lukewarm beer; they watch TV; they attend meetings for their church or their Sports Club or the Parish Council; they play Bingo or go to birthday parties or dances or wedding receptions in the Village Hall; they organize whist drives. They seem to have plenty of time and energy for fun, after work. A mild, gentle frivolity pervades the village; they are always enjoying themselves.

If I knew how this was accomplished I would write a handbook. They do not know themselves. Perhaps if you are "lucky, fortunate, content with your lot" you do not analyze, you accept with thanks. I have tried to make them talk about themselves, how and why they are as they are, and I have collected only disjointed hints. "Everything's broadening out; the minds of everybody." "We can always borrow what we need from each other." "In the old days, they dictated to you if you were a working man, you mustn't offend anyone. Nowadays it's quite different." "East Hendred are a queer people. You can lead them but you can't drive them." "A most complicated number of persons are related here. We're clanny, but people help each other." "There used to be a lot of poor. The Welfare State put all that right." "Everybody has a moan, we all always want more, but we're ever so much better than twenty years ago." "This is almost a world of its own. They're kind people; neighbourly." "Money doesn't matter in the village hierarchy; it's old respected families that count." "The people are busy but not driven." "They're (Continued on page 167)



By Piaget, of 18-karat gold, 30 jewels. $870. Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique.

PENN

TICK-TOCK STUFF



By Le Coultre,
of 18-karat-gold
$495 at Tourneau.

By Zenith, of 18-karat
gold, 17 jewels; $265
at Tiffany.

By Movado,
of 14-karat gold,
17 jewels; Incabloc
shock absorber.
$325 at Cartier.
ALL PRICES INCLUDE TAX

To get a kick—and a tick—out of now: the bold look of outsize watches for women, with sport-de-luxe clothes. The watch whopper, opposite, is big enough to cover most of a wrist but extremely thin (like a silver dollar); the alligator strap—half black, half white. This page, ticked off from the top—another watch in the big round with gold hour-sticks, wide gold mesh bracelet. For someone who takes a little less time, the middle watch—slightly smaller—of white gold with diamond numbers, red-vs.-white satin strap. Daily times are given by a square-faced watch, below, the date spotted, newly, in the 4-to-5 corner. Strapping this: black alligator.
ALL WATCHES, BOTH PAGES: SWISS MOVEMENTS

**In the big time now—
new faces for the bold watch**



MORE TICK-TOCK STUFF



"Like the tick tick tock of the stately clock as it stands against the wall..." a giant wristwatch strapped—just for ticks—against the waist of a watermelon-pink sweater, at right. (Though tacked against the wall is where a watch this size—5" square—usually spends its Nights and Days.) The huge watch-case and buckle, both plated in Italian 18-karat gold, with black calfskin strap. The sweater—tunic-length, rice-stitched, raglan—by Colebrook, of mohair, wool, and nylon; $18. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila., Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Watch, imported by Rigaud Boutique; Swiss movement. $275 including tax. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Russian cavalryman's watch, left, made large for quick reading in pre-luminous-dial days when it was used for timing the horses. This, made by the Swiss watch-making firm of Paul Boure who had, before the Russian Revolution, a shop in St. Petersburg; it now belongs to Col. Serge Obolensky. The sweater, a double-knitted worsted cardigan panelled in black, white, fuchsia. Designed by Emilio Pucci for White Stag; about $50 at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Coiffures: Mr. Friedman of the Kenneth Salon.

PENN

MORE TICK-TOCK STUFF



By Patek Philippe.
Swiss movement.
$1,300, at Tiffany.

By Lucien Piccard,
17-jewel Swiss movement.
Incabloc shock absorber.
$350, at Travers Jewelers.

By Omega,
17-jewel Swiss movement
$175, at Cartier.

By Rolex,
26-jewel movement.
$630, at Tiffany.

By Audemars Piguet,
18-jewel Swiss movement.
$4,800, at Tiffany.
ALL PRICES INCLUDE TAX

Getting the once-over, opposite page: a platinum pocket watch that's fenced with sapphires...more sapphires every hour on the hour. It's thin as a poker chip—would tuck nicely into the pocket of a white satin shirt-dress...or into the toe of a Christmas stocking. Coiffure by Mr. Gregory of the Kenneth Salon. Quadrangle of watches, this page: Take it from the top with an 18-karat gold watch—square-faced. Set on a wide, flat gold mesh band. Near right: Swiss watch of 18-karat gold, edged and numbered in black enamel. It's banded in white lizard. Far right: 18-karat gold watch, that's round and thin as an after-dinner mint, banded in black suède. Lower right: The drip, drip, drip of raindrops won't keep this water-proof watch from telling both the time and the date. Of 18-karat gold, with a 14-karat gold bracelet.

PENN

MILAN: A CAPITAL IN SEARCH OF A COUNTRY

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Energy is the first impact of Milan, an energy which becomes infectious, erotic in its intensity, the beginning and cause of my admiration and love.

"It's a nice little provincial town," a young Milanese said with condescension when I expressed my emotions for his city, "but you only have to read Stendhal to know that it was once the most beautiful city in Europe. How can you find it beautiful now?" The French romanticist had written in 1836: "This city became for me the most beautiful place on earth. My reason tells me that Paris excels it . . . my heart feels only Milan and the verdant countryside that surrounds it."

Over half of the fine Baroque town that Stendhal knew has been destroyed by Fascist efficiency and the greater damage of the last World War. In the process of rebuilding itself Milan has become one of Europe's quickest-growing, most prosperous crossroads, a cultural capital, a most un-Italian city where human ambitions are obsessively absorbed in the cult of material progress. Its beauties hide behind the discordant façades of an industrial metropolis; its treasures can only be discovered with a lover's patience. From the miracle of beauty that it was in the nineteenth century, Milan has changed into a miracle of willpower, ambition, and energy.

My Milanese friend spoke sorrowfully of the destruction of the old Milan and apologized for the anonymity of its new architecture, the difficulties of its traffic, and the thickness of its industrial smog. He consoled himself with a favourite Milanese pastime, quoting statistics: "Milan produces twenty percent of Italy's gross national revenue and pays twenty-seven percent of Italy's taxes. Our average working day is the longest of any community in Europe, and the average Milanese income is twice that of the average Italian income. We are a capital in search of a country."

A mixture of pride and inferiority colours the at-



Piero Bassetti

Beatrice Monti





Ettore Sottsas

Giorgio Strehler



Piero Bassetti *has several careers and one driving force: to improve Milan. The City's Financial Specialist, director of one of Italy's largest textile companies, and professor of economics at the University of Milan, Bassetti has a clipped, scholarly way of going about his agenda, which includes a four-year plan to speed up Milan's low-income housing projects, to revamp the city's transportation and schools. Thirty-two years old, he lives with his wife and three children in a remodelled palazzo with a terrace that overlooks "the beautiful roofs of Stendhal's Milan."*

Beatrice Monti, *a sharp-willed beauty, opened the Galleria dell' Ariete eight years ago when there were only five other art galleries in Milan. Although there are now seventy-seven galleries, the Ariete remains a leading trend-setter of Italian tastes. Born in Rome, Miss Monti (shown here holding a marble sculpture by Andrea Cascella of Milan) moved to Milan because "Milan is the most exciting city, the only serious city in Italy to work in."*

Ettore Sottsas *makes machines beautiful. The chief designer of Olivetti's electronic division, he aims for, he achieves, machine designs that retain what he calls "aesthetic personality." The shapely lines and fastidious colours of his electronic computers (one of them is shown with him above) stand up well against the best contemporary sculpture, continue Milan's tradition of excellence in industrial design. Now, in addition to computers, he imparts "aesthetic personality" to office furniture, Olivetti typewriters, filing cabinets.*

Giorgio Strehler—*a man obsessed with perfection—founded, directed, and perfected Milan's Piccolo Theatre. Now it has settled into a reputation as one of Europe's most brilliant repertory companies. A forty-two-year-old man who believes in "the method," he counts among his big hits Chekhov's* The Sea Gull, *Thornton Wilder's* Our Town, *and Brecht's* Galileo.

MILAN *Continued*

titude of the young towards their town. Milan seems to have changed at a quicker pace than the individual can tolerate. In few European towns is it more difficult to experience a sense of continuity or of tradition. The beauty of Stendhal's Milan is as altered as that of its most famous possession, Leonardo's "Last Supper"; both have been so extensively destroyed, so intensively restored that only their skeletal design remains intact. But whereas the surface of the "Last Supper" has been harmoniously arrested into a kind of Cecil B. de Mille slickness. the surface of Milan is one of the most incongruous of any European town. Unlike the rich historical pageantry of Rome, the juxtaposition of epochs in Milan's narrow and treeless streets is violent and abrupt, bewitching only by its dissonance. Splendid remains of Baroque architecture are compressed between the elephantine rhythms of yesterday's Mussolini buildings and the glacial surfaces of today's international style. Crystalline new structures arise weekly to replace some one-hundred-thousand dwellings destroyed in the last war. The buoyant Galfa and Pirelli skyscrapers stand by the side of a cumbrous Art Nouveau railroad station. derisively labelled by its users as an example of the "Assyro-Milanese" style. The ochre façade of the Clerici Palace, where Tiepolo painted one of his finest ceilings and which now houses the headquarters of the Christian Democratic party, faces the cool Formica elegance of an Olivetti showroom. Few departed beauties of Milan are as regretted as the Naviglio, a great canal designed by Leonardo at the time of the Sforzas to circle the city; the tall bending trees and slender arched bridges of the Naviglio gave Milan a measure of Venice's romance and provided a favoured place for the Milanese's evening promenade. Dammed up in the thirties for motorists. Leonardo's canal has been replaced by, among others, the noisy Via Senato, one more bustling traffic-way where Supermarkets and Fiat showrooms alternate with lustrous office buildings, cafeterias, and a handful of magnificent seventeenth-century palaces.

There is so much digging and building in Milan that a prankish citizen, like several in New York, recently equipped himself with a spade and spent several hours digging a large hole in a major thoroughfare. No one questioned, no one stopped him; at the end of the day a crew appeared to fill the hole, and the joker went off to claim (Continued on page 179)



Lucio Fontana

Arnaldo and Gio Pomodoro





Lucio Fontana



Giangiacomo Feltrinelli

Lucio Fontana, *a mercurial, outgoing painter and sculptor, wants to avoid his work being categorized as either painting or sculpture. A sixty-four-year-old pioneer of abstract art—a typically Milanese phenomenon in his celebration of technology, his defiance of the past, and what a critic called his "rigorous welcome for the future,"—Fontana names his works "spatial concepts." Best known for his monochrome surfaces brashly punctured by slits and gashes, he takes a tender and passionate interest in the work of younger artists. He is the most beloved and pivotal figure of Milan's art world.*

Arnaldo and Gio Pomodoro, *who shared a prize in sculpture at the 1962 Venice Biennale, share a vast, many-levelled Milan studio, fitted with jewellery workshops, cages full of exotic birds, plus three assistants to help in the cutting and polishing of massive metal pieces. Arnaldo Pomodoro won the sculpture prize at the 1963 São Paulo Bienal.*

Luciano Bianciardi *wrote a novel,* La Vita Agra, *that both joggled and amused the Milanese—and eloquently summed up for them their problems. This novel is a powerful, witty, bitter complaint against the dehumanization of Milan in particular, industrial metropolises in general. (Transplanted from Italian into English,* La Vita Agra *will be published here by Viking Press early in 1964.) A hulking, brooding man with a rare but affectionate smile, forty-year-old Bianciardi is also one of Italy's foremost translators.*

Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, *the ebullient Milanese publisher who secretly slipped* Doctor Zhivago *out of Russia and first published it in the West, enjoyed a more recent coup. His publication of* The Leopard *by Giuseppe di Lampedusa sold over 400,000 copies in Italy in four years, a never-before in Italian publishing. Thirty-six years old, a multi-linguist, an ardent gardener, Feltrinelli, runs a major lumber company, too. That company's success, he said, enables him to "take more gambles."*







THE GREAT
PHOTOGRAPHER'S
SIMPLE LIFE
IN WHICH
NOTHING
IS SIMPLE

STEICHEN

Deep in Connecticut country Edward Steichen, now eighty-four years old, and his young, serene wife, Joanna, live a life with no fat on its beautiful bones. Their house lies low in the trees, unobtrusive, usable, cypress and glass, not large. Behind it stretch expanses of delphinium-breeding grounds, tidy, professional, fluttered over by a moth-storm of labels—no less than likely from a respected plant breeder. (Steichen has bred delphiniums for over fifty years, a little longer than he has contributed to Vogue.) Near the house bloom massed flowers, beds impacted with tuberous begonias, or coleuses, or black-eyed Susans—no less a menu for the eye than likely from a man who has taken memorable photographs for sixty-eight years. (Many of them are in Steichen's autobiography, *A Life in Photography*, just published.) Inside the house potted plants, handy modern gadgets, magnificent photographs, and sculpture, recognizably famous, rest easy with each other. Brancusi's soaring "Bird in Space" stands next to a television set. At the foot of another Brancusi bird (photographed, above) leans a tin campaign button which reads, "Who me, fly?" At lunchtime the Steichens may include a large pitcher of milk and a plate of cookies on the table. The effect is one of blazing simplicity, immediate pleasure, and some bewilderment. Just what is so good about it all? Everything, but especially the relationship between Steichen, who looks like a benign old god, and Mrs. Steichen, who looks like a pretty girl—a happy one.

At the foot of the stairway leading down from the entrance floor hangs a large print of Steichen's photograph, "Three Pears and an (Continued on next page)

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD STEICHEN BY THEIR POND WITH LILIES AND LOTUS; BEYOND THEM, THEIR CYPRESS-AND-GLASS HOUSE CAMOUFLAGED AMONG THE TREES.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Apple," one of a series he made around 1921, when he was experimenting with the representation of volume and weight. Looked at from above, the fruit looms as mysterious as a Druid monument. In the living room there often stands a searing bouquet of sunflowers, brilliant enough to blink at, out Van-Goghing any sunflowers. Begun in 1920, Steichen's series of sunflower photographs has not ended. What is so good about the Steichen farm life may be that it is precisely as simple as an apple or a sunflower—an ordinary natural event with enough complexity and beauty to hold a full-grown artist's attention for decades. Nothing wants adding. Nothing wants taking away. In this house near the water's bank where Steichen's favourite shad-blow tree grows there is something of discipline and of freedom. This freedom, an artist's freedom, Steichen sums up in his autobiography as possible only to men who have neither too much humility nor any conceit. At eighty-four Steichen has grown beyond both. (On the next pages, more about Steichen.)

STEICHEN READING IN THE LIVING ROOM. OUTSIDE : PLANTS, SUNLIGHT, TREES. INSIDE: PLANTS. SUNLIGHT, FLOWERS.

STEICHEN Continued



BRUCE DAVIDSON

MRS. STEICHEN, LEFT, SINGING FOLK SONGS FOR HER HUSBAND AFTER DINNER.

THE STEICHENS, RIGHT, ROWING AT THE FOOT OF THE SHAD-BLOW TREE. THE SUBJECT OF THE UNFINISHED "PHOTOGRAPHIC CONCERTO" ON WHICH STEICHEN HAS BEEN WORKING FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

STEICHEN TALKING ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY, PEOPLE, FREEDOM

EXCERPTS FROM "A LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHY," A NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY EDWARD STEICHEN

"... It takes a powerful generative force to produce a work of art in any medium. ..."

"... The most damaging restrictions on an artist's liberty are self-imposed. So often, what may have begun as fresh thinking and discovery is turned into a routine and reduced to mere habit. ..."

"... My first real effort in photography was to make photographs that were useful. And, as I look back over the many intervening years, I find that usefulness has always been attractive in the art of photography. ..."

"The artist, in any medium, does not live in a vacuum. There is a relationship between everything that is being done and everything that has been done before. ..."

"... While the artist working in any other medium begins with a blank surface and gradually brings his conception into being, the photographer is the only imagemaker who begins with the picture completed. His emotions, his knowledge, and his native talent are brought into focus and fixed beyond recall the moment the shutter of his camera has closed. ..."

"... Destructive loss of freedom comes from an overflow of egoism, when the ego spills over and expresses itself as conceit. ..."

"... Excessive humility can also be a weakness impinging on freedom, but in every great artist humility is always an important part of his attitude toward nature and toward his medium. This kind of humility opens doors and vistas, whereas conceit shuts them tight. ..."

"... A portrait must get beyond the almost universal self-consciousness that people have before the camera. ... The essential thing was to awaken a genuine response. ..."

"... I came to the conclusion that I had been working from a negative approach, that what was needed was a positive statement on what a wonderful thing life was, how marvellous people were, and, above all, how alike people were in all parts of the world. ..."

"... When a certain set of habits become general, a whole art period can condemn itself to the loss of freedom. ..."

"... When an artist of any kind looks at his subject, he looks with everything he is. Everything that he has lived, learned, observed, and experienced combines to enable him to identify himself with the subject and look with insight, perception, imagination, and understanding. ..."

"... Photography is a medium of formidable contradictions. It is both ridiculously easy and almost impossibly difficult. ..."

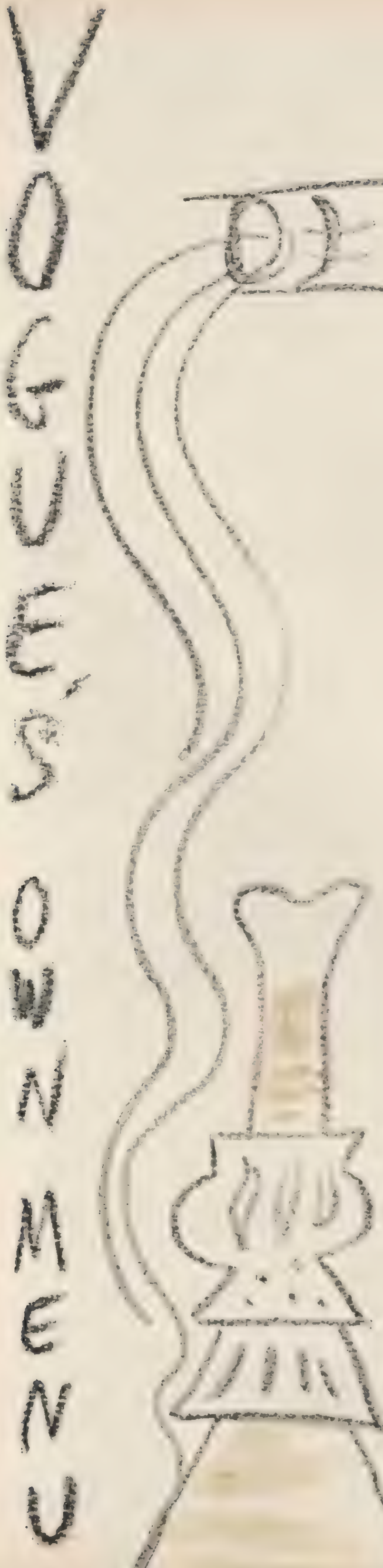
"... The people in the audience looked at the pictures [in *The Family of Man*], and the people in the pictures looked back at them. They recognized each other. A Japanese poet has said that, when you look into a mirror, you do not see your reflection, your reflection sees you. ..."

"... To imagine that a visual artist in any medium could condense a complete portrait into one picture is putting a strain on logic. Every human being has the capacity for both laughter and tears, and there is no point halfway between that combines the infinite range of human complexities and contradictory states of heart and mind involved in the human condition. ..."

"... Freedom is something that is in the air of a country. ..."

AT SUNDOWN ON HIS FARM, EDWARD STEICHEN, A FORMER LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE ARMY AND CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY, TAKES IN THE FLAG. BRUCE DAVIDSON





Through some absurdity of the human spirit, dinners at holiday times have been switched from attractive gaiety to simple surfeit. No more of those dark brown dinners that carry within their too-careful menus foreboding boredom. Instead for Thanksgiving, for any family dinner, perhaps a light, pale beige pretty dinner meant for nothing but joyous amusement. No Dickens, just a little Capote.

GALA DINNER FOR TEN

CHESTNUT SOUP
Small toasted sesame crackers
BRAISED BABY TURKEYS*
Champagne sauce
POTATOES LAURENCE PURÉED CHICORY
Corn bread
Bar-le-duc
ORANGE CRÈME BRULÉE*
WINE: CHAMPAGNE

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

BRAISED BABY TURKEYS

FOR TEN PEOPLE

2 7-pound turkeys, tied and wiped
½ bottle champagne
1 stick butter
1 small carrot, 1 medium onion,
5 shallots, 1 stalk celery—all chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup beef bouillon
1 cup heavy cream
¼ cup brandy
Minced truffles, salt, pepper

To get ready: Simmer champagne to reduce to a cup, and preheat oven to 350°. Melt butter and brown turkeys in a heavy roasting pan on top of the stove. Add the chopped vegetables and brown with the flour. Add champagne and bouillon, and stir until smooth and thickened. Put birds on their backs, season with salt and fresh-ground pepper, cover tightly, and bake in the oven for 1½ hours, basting every 15 minutes. Remove cover and cook another 10 minutes. Remove turkeys, cover with foil, and arrange on a hot platter. Place pan on low flame, simmer the liquid, add the cream, cook for 5 minutes. Add the brandy, blend. Strain some sauce over the turkeys, sprinkle with three minced truffles. Pass remaining strained sauce at the table.

THE SNAPPER: Champagne and no stuffing.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

ORANGE CRÈME BRULÉE

FOR TEN PEOPLE

1½ quarts heavy cream
12 egg yolks
Salt
Grated rind of 2 oranges
⅓ cup Cointreau
1⅓ cups light brown sugar

Scald the cream. Beat the egg yolks with a pinch of salt until thick and light. Slowly pour the hot cream into them, stirring briskly with a wooden spoon until well mixed. Pour into the top of a large double boiler, and cook over 1 inch of barely simmering water in the bottom pan, stirring with the spoon for 8 to 10 minutes, until the spoon coats. Remove from the fire and add orange rind and Cointreau. Now pour all this into a 2-quart fireproof dish and chill overnight. Several hours before serving, cover cream with ¼ inch brown sugar until no cream shows. Set the dish on a bed of cracked ice and caramellize under the broiler. This takes seconds only. Chill again, if you have time, before serving.

THE SNAPPER: Orange rind and Cointreau flavours.

BEAUTY BULLETIN: THE EXTRAVAGANT NIGHT FACE

(Continued from page 128)

those eyes turned, at some point, interestedly on them.

The new night face is up to its ears in pink. Blushers and rouges are undertoning any-color evening foundations, touching the earlobes, sometimes covering the whole ear. . . . Brown-darkened pink rouge creates a wanted gauntness under the cheekbones. . . . Night-slated faces coming in to Elizabeth Arden salons are being treated to an all-over icing of Faint Blush, a foundation that looks like pale-pink whipped cream, evens the skin, gives it an easy smoothness. . . . Pink at the Max Factor salon often takes the form now of two flushes of peach pastel, one on the cheeks, one on the lips, a delicate look to go with a delicate dress.

The new night face has white in it someplace, defining the features (white powder on the forehead and down the length of the nose); framing the eye (one thin line of cream-white inside the lower lashes and just behind the upper lashes). White lights the eye in the dark (white eye shadow used under the peak of the eyebrow). White is also an underall trouble-shooter—e.g., in the pleat under the eyes and on any grim crease in the face. No evening make-up is finished without white, and almost no make-up maker is without a white (John Robert Powers Crème de la Crème is one of the famously well-liked).

The new night face wears extra eyelashes—the upper lashes either delicate phonies, or real lashes elongated by extender mascara. Lower lashes are touched with mascara if they have any tendency at all to curve.

The new night face is full of tricks. We won't go into the basic primer of what it is that makes night make-up last the night, other than two words that say all on this subject: Damp Sponge.

Customers of Aida Grey in Beverly Hills are travelling by night with a base of yellow-gold lipstick under their regular lipstick—it stabilizes colour, adds brilliance. . . . And, although we are raucous about the virtues of grey-brown eye shadow versus bright colour, we must concede that Miss Grey's use of a thin line of shadow in a shade that reflects that of the dress—an almost invisible line right under the brow—shows a well-thought-out approach to evening entertainments. This is especially dashing with jade green, pistachio, Siamese blue: neither Miss Grey nor we would suggest it with black.

Miss Grey's way of dealing with lines or dryness on any department of the gala face: Before make-up, apply a heavy jelly—an eye cream or any rich cream would do: leave on for a bit before patting off with cotton soaked in skin lotion. This "builds out" and cushions the make-up that goes over it.

Lieutenants of Miss Elizabeth Arden like to build a soft, finely-drawn feather, floating out from the far edge of each eye. . . . At Helena Rubinstein's they settle showy eye make-up into place by patting on white talcum powder.

Having ruminated constructively on what's to be done about puffiness under the eye, the Charles of the Ritz salon uses there a darker foundation than that which goes on the rest of the face—with pleasant results.

Over any evening make-up, on the cheekbones, the sides of forehead, the temples, we like to see the final touch of a fingertipful of iridescent foundation. Four that first come to mind belong to Estée Lauder; Revlon; Frances Denney; Lilly Daché. Over evening lipstick: Frances Denney Lip Moisturizer.

The new night face is framed with hair that looks indisputably non-day. Such hair, incidentally, is being given body by loose permanent waving; or, if it already has body of a naturally frizzy persuasion, is being straightened to give a hairdresser more workable raw material. Permanent waves and straightening share the same price range.

PERFUME

(Continued from page 134)

Schiaparelli's Shocking. Jungle Gardenia by Tuvaché. Je Reviens by Worth. Tosca by the House of 4711. Blue Carnation by Roger & Gallet.

As for perfumes that come from houses whose primary interest is in cosmetics—and from whom, therefore, one can often (and more and more often) expect more than a perfume or toilet water to carry the perfume's message: Elizabeth Arden's Mémoire Chérie. Marcella Borghese's Ecco. Charles of the Ritz Directoire. Coty's L'Aimant. Frances Denney's Interlude. DuBarry's Seven Winds. Fabergé's Flambeau. Max Factor's Hypnotique. Dorothy Gray's Indigo. Estée Lauder's Youth Dew. Germaine Monteil's Nostalgia. Revlon's Intimate. Helena Rubinstein's Vis à Vis. Shulton's Desert Flower.

Here, some by American fashion designers whose image has meant something special, and has been reflected in a perfume: Hattie Carnegie's Carnegie Pink. Nettie Rosenstein's Odalisque. Valentina's My Own (compounded at Caswell-Massey).

Two companies who spread their cosmetics to the interior—of the country and of the house—travel with good scents as well: Avon, with Topaze; Beauty Counselors, with White Gold.

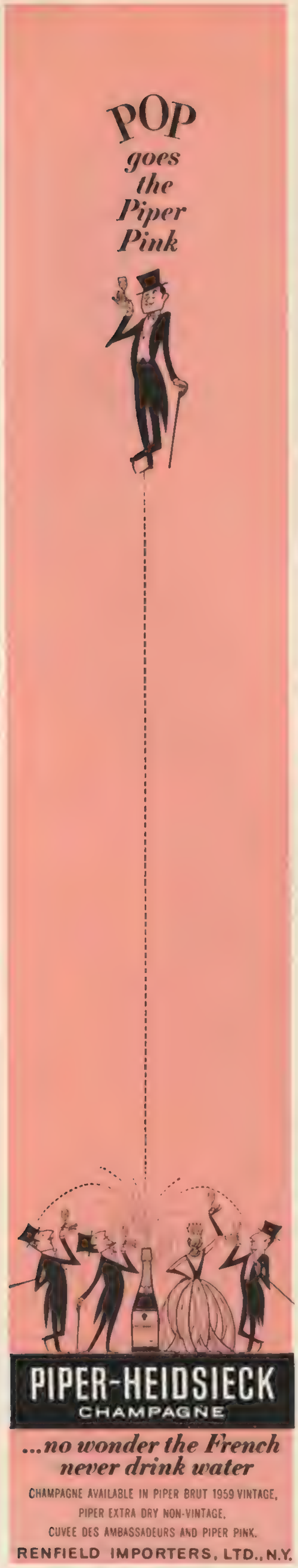
A partial listing, obviously. Many of the perfume houses named have more than one superb fragrance; some have many, all told. All told? Not until perfume combines with woman. A woman gives a perfume character. A perfume gives a woman setting.

To get back to the park in which we started, page 134: if a consistently-scented woman had lost a glove there, and if a man who knew her had found it, he'd "see" her instantly. Her setting, in other words, could make her materialize out of thin air.



WINTER SNOWFALL . . . creamy white in a three piece, three fabric Justin McCarty suit designed by Jody Van-Amburgh. The sleeveless jacket of softest mohair, the blouse polyester and acetate, the skirt all wool worsted double knit. Sizes 6 to 16. About $70.

HAFTER'S-HAGGARTY *San Diego* *La Jolla*
JOSKE'S *Houston*
TITCHE'S *Dallas*
GOLDWATER'S *Phoenix*



SKI INCIDENTALS: COLORADO

Two new resorts in the Colorado Rockies

The Colorado Rockies. Utrillo-white, heavyweight, famous for their superb, sunny ski slopes under a hard blue sky, have two very new ski resorts—Crested Butte and Vail. Here, where skiers stay, when they should go, how they get there, and what they'll find in addition to skiing.

VAIL is so new that it has no history. This is only the second winter for this ski resort built from scratch. Its charm, of course, is mountains—great shoulders of mountains extravagantly powdered with snow—thrust above forests of black-green spruce and leafless aspens like enormous fish spines, all circling long, long runs, and three great bowls, at least one of which is apt to be in full sun.

Vail village gives no sign of its newness—only the greased grace of its ski operations. Waiting like a fleet of parked cabs in a shed to lift the skiers two thousand feet on the world's longest ski haul are gondolas, looking like silvery cocoons, with red banquettes for four. From here, skiers dangling over nothingness on chair lifts may climb up another couple of thousand feet to windless, open snow fields—on which tall grass gives slopes extra clinging-power for snow.

The village has the busy feeling of a village. The main square, closed to cars, has everything: a delicatessen which serves quick meals; a drugstore; a liquor shop—particularly heavy on white German wines for the light high air. A boutique and a hairdresser share a balconied chalet. Plus: a good village restaurant, Red Lion Inn, open from noon, jumpy until 2 A.M. Its cellar is a beer place with sprawling signatures on the ceiling.

A young, attractive group own chalets—some fifty little houses with more going up. Some stand along the ruffled, rumbling creek that cuts through the village, others in forests. The deed for half-acre lots selling at $5,000 includes a small clause binding the owner to build within the year. Skiers may rent for weekends, by the week, by the month: for a three-bedroom cottage to sleep eight (if the living room doubles as bedroom), all gay and freshly finished, about $45 a day.

The Lodge, Vail's hotel, has the feeling of an overgrown chalet banded with chocolate-brown balconies. Skiers turn up at night, in the all-black Rathskeller, its smash spot, with settees around the sunken fireplace. Any time, wonderful sauna baths. Double room for two, about $19 plus meals.
Note: The Lodge handles chalet rentals.

At Vail Village Inn, a pleasant motel, rooms open on covered verandahs, not corridors: all have good bathrooms. Double room for two, about $16, meals extra. The motel has both a restaurant and a yellow coffee shop with sunshine at breakfast, plus a bar and a heated pool. Opening this Christmas, the Christiana Hotel.

The three-hour drive from Denver to Vail—110 miles on U.S. Highway #6—is monumental. After spinning by the brewery which makes Coors, the good Western beer, the road rises from toboggan-sloped foothills, cuts through eight numbered tunnels, scales above the crew-cut timber line, and curls around bald peaks twelve thousand feet high, before swinging through the valley.
Note: Blue lights on U.S. 6 mean watch out for snow plow.

CRESTED BUTTE, that other new ski place in Colorado, stands above an old mining town which had no time to go ghost—its mines were worked until 1952.

Here, skiing begins in November, runs through May. (This is also true for Vail.) Fresh powder snow delivered like milk every morning covers the fifty acres of open slopes, the six-mile run, and sun-filled bowls as sheltered as a harbour. Gondolas in jelly-bean colours, each for three skiers, rise two thousand feet up the mountain on a fifteen minute glide.

In this new resort of houses with blue-peaked roofs, the biggest is the Warming House, a cafeteria and an upstairs restaurant. The smallest roof, corrugated blue metal, covers the Bier Stube, a log shack with blue trim, where skiers can get Bratwurst and Knackwurst, draft beer, and marvellous black bread. Open until sunset, that flexible hour when mountains turn the colour of spilt wine.

Some skiers own cottages, and half-acre or larger plots are still being sold for $5,000. This winter most skiers will stay at one of the two new lodges, Crested Butte or Ski Crest, both shaped like double-decker trains. In these, the lounges, like observation cars with tremendous fireplaces, have everything from views of the old town, glittering like candlelight, to ten-foot sofas on wheels. No bar; guests mix their own drinks. Bright double rooms for two with morning coffee, about $16.

From The Ore Bucket Lodge skiers have a short climb to the ski terminal. Coffee machines in big beige rooms, no restaurant. Single rooms, $10; double rooms for two from $12 to $16.

Note: The ski instructors' wives run a nursery. Around here, CBS means Crested Butte Ski School.

After dark for drinks and dinners, skiers often go down to the old town where no neons glare. Along Main Street sidewalks are trenches cut in snow so high that only the tops of the Victorian façades—phony as stage settings—show above the drifts. Behind one such gold-yellow front is the Emporium, arranged inside like a shopping street: groceries; antiques; boutique things; the offices of the local press, *The Chronicle*, plus

(Continued on page 165)

HOLIDAY JUMPER

Pink idea for the small smart spender



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

How long is the attention span of a small girl (under four and still more round than long)? When she has a pink jumper with just the right amount of whoosh... a full-length mirror... and room to pirouette—it can last for hours. Here is the perfect pink jumper for at-home pirouetting, for an approaching Christmas dinner, and for parties all year round—with chocolate ice cream and little boys in black velveteen short pants. It's of cotton faille with mother-of-pearl buttons on the shoulder and down one side, and flares out from a few gentle tucks at the neck. A long-sleeved white blouse (not shown here) comes with it. By Nannette, of Stevens fabric (blouse in crêpe of Dacron); sizes 1-3x, about $9. Best & Co.; Hudson's.

SKI INCIDENTALS

(Continued from page 164)

a cellar restaurant called the Cave Inn, which serves breakfast and dinner. Top sirloin steak, $2.75; basic, simple.

Other places where both skiers and villagers go: Tony's, a bar, misty with smoke, is owned by a blue-eyed old Irishman called Tony. Pool in the back room. . . . Stricka's, a rather offhand place, smells deliciously of spaghetti. . . . Way Station is both a dining room and a bar—sharing a lovely ceiling of stamped metal, much like a gilt candy box doily. . . . The Grubstake throbs with polkas at night. It has above average gaiety, average food, good hot pies.

The Fondue House, a miner's shack with room for only two dozen guests, serves only delicious fondues with wine. When guests call 2171 to reserve—and they must—they must book the time they plan to stay (one hour, two hours) in the all-white beamed room warm with candles, a potbelly stove, and people. This shack opens at 5:00 P.M.; cheese fondue, $1.50; beef fondue, $3.50.

The trip from Denver to Crested Butte involves a one-hour flight to Gunnison (round trip fare, $35.50) followed by a half-hour car ride through the valley past the blue-grey bruise spots of ghost towns.

FLYING TO DENVER. The turntable city leading to most of Colorado's ski resorts is Denver. For skiers flying from anywhere in the United States to Denver, United Air Lines charges $4 to haul ski equipment in a new carton which travels in a special plane compartment. At the Denver airport, passengers find these cartons stacked on ski racks, plus baggage carts with extra shelves for skis. The airport has a huge billboard listing snow and road conditions at Colorado ski resorts. Flying time from Los Angeles to Denver—two hours; economy class, round trip fare: $96.60. From New York to Denver—four hours, and $199.71 round trip fare, tourist. American Airlines and TWA both fly there from either coast.





Gown by Sarmi

All it takes is a little bit of will power ...and Metrecal*

*Metrecal is a registered trademark for a dietary for weight control.

(Advertisement)

SNOW...SKIING

Leather for the village explorer



When you're not actually skiing—perhaps you're window shopping or on your way to a tea chalet—one of the most dashing ways to be is in leather. The jacket here is worked a whole new way: tiny strips of leather—red and forest green—are woven in hound's-tooth checks. It stops just below the waist, has three-quarter-length sleeves, a tiny stand-up collar, fly-front buttons. Some of the best things to give it: stretch pants in forest green, long gloves. The other non-skiers here, at Portillo, two of the Chilean Army's dogs—an Alaskan husky (hauling civilians in sleds is part of his commission), and a St. Bernard. Jacket by Roberta. Neiman-Marcus.

(Continued from page 145)

so friendly in case of illness. Any rows are forgotten and everyone offers help." "The children have good manners." "The husbands have to ask the wives' permission to play football or cricket on weekends. In case they'd be wanting help at home. Oh, the wives rule them." "Ever since the war, we're more prosperous than ever before. The people are happy to handle big money but they're not better off for it." "National Health is wonderful. We all think that." "Parents are more sensible here. If their child isn't terribly bright they don't come around and make a fuss to the teacher. They accept how the child is. They care about character." "Yes, it's true we have no crime and no policeman. We've got rather a good reputation for that." "Nobody here is wanting for anything. They can get anything they need from the government if they'll ask. Some are too proud to ask. But no one suffers."

It doesn't exactly make handbook material. The Welfare State, which is a term often used in abuse, works beautifully here, close up. The benefits of free medical care can not be exaggerated; the retirement and old age pensions, which are pitiful in the cities, mean solid safety in a village where rents are low and everyone has a food-producing garden. It is probable that the working class is better off than the retired gentry living on their reduced incomes; surely easier than the small local middle class —the technocrats and teachers —who have appearances to keep up, and no better pay. But we all know that economics are not the secret of happiness; if money was all, the United States would be afloat with joy.

Approving and benefiting from the Welfare State (which is a socialist invention), the village has always voted Conservative. The middle-class newcomers, brought here mainly by Harwell, may have different politics; neither politics nor religion are discussed. If you live in each other's pockets you don't want heated arguments. Sensible people do not expect to convert their neighbours and see no point in quarreling.

This spring and summer England has been absorbed and harassed by great scandals: a rash of spies, the Profumo affair, the lurid and tragic trial of Dr. Ward. Questions are asked everywhere, serious and grievous questions, about the government, and the police, and who's to blame for all this mess. An old fruit farmer told me. "We're fair disgusted that our Minister of War was associating with prostitutes." But he went on to say what was most truly English: "If people are friends of ours we stick by them, no matter what they do. Those friends of Ward's who wouldn't come to court and speak up for him, they're monkeys."

I have a feeling that this, rather than moral indignation at scandalous doings in high society, shocks ordinary English people: it was bad enough that a servant of the state lied, for gentlemen are not supposed to lie; but it is appalling that the upper classes fail in loyalty to a friend in trouble. It would be very odd, and very English, if the failure by a few Tories to respect the oldest deepest human values of England threw the Tory government out of office. The Conservative Member of Parliament for this district, a war hero and an extremely intelligent man, does not believe that the villagers give a hoot for these scandals—he thinks rural England cares about roads, buses, trains, sewers, and housing; and they do. He feels that declaiming virtuously on sin and sex is what the newspapers and politicians enjoy; whereas villagers brush off these unlikely goings-on as none of their business, and are anyhow exceptionally sane and tolerant about people's private lives.

England is a stratified class society still; better wages for the working class and heavy income taxes for the rich blur the lines a bit, but not much. This village, like all England, loves tradition, and chafes very little at these class barriers. But the upper class is supposed to pay for its privileges; it must behave with honour in public, at least, if it is to be treated with respect and allowed to rule. An old man was telling me about his youth in this village. "Whenever we saw Squire, we touched our caps, and the women curtsied to Mrs. Squire. It was lovely. We laugh about it now and think it ridiculous, I suppose." His wife said she was going to vote Labour next time. "It's all got in such a rut, it needs a big swish-up."

The oldest person in this village is Mrs. Stotter, aged ninety-six going on ninety-seven. She lives alone in a tiny cottage, with a coal stove for cooking and heat, a cold-water spigot in her pantry, and a neat wooden outdoor toilet; and she has never been better off. She is "wanting for nothing." Her radio, she says, "is not 'lectric but it's got a nice tone." And she is indeed kindly looked after by the District Nurse, the most beloved local figure, and a "home help" paid for by the state, and Mrs. Stotter, though her body is bent almost double, thinks very well of this England. When she was young, "I went to bed often with a piece of bread and onion, I'm not ashamed to say it, I went to bed hungry. And workin' in the fields from sun-up to sun-down, for ten shillin's a week. Now the young lads get ten pounds, fresh from school, don't they?"

I said, in my usual bemused way, that I found all the people here so happy.

"Yes, they are," said Mrs. Stotter. "Well, they *should* be, shouldn't they?"

I could not explain that "should" is not a verb you can use with happiness; happiness would seem to be a magic that people create for themselves. I still don't know why East Hendred lives in such harmony, contentment, peace of mind, and lightness of heart.

"It's a nice village," said Mrs. Stotter, "and it's improvin'."

a
remarkable
experience!

Nettie
Rosenstein's
new
PERFUME OIL
wraps you in
fragrance that
stays alive longer
than you'd
dream possible

in three famous
fashion scents
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This precious perfume oil blends with the natural oils of your skin to create a lasting fragrance that's exclusively yours. (An added luxury in your bath, too.)

1 dram $2.50 ½ oz. $5 1 oz. $8.50
plus tax

A Plea for Maintaining the Two-Sex System

We admit it. We're hide-bound enough to resist any and all attempts to eradicate the differences between men and women.

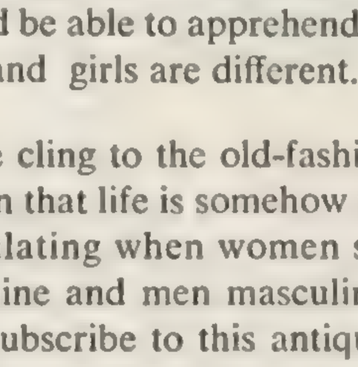
Time was when this attitude of ours would have required no defense. Today, alas, there are signs that the younger generation may be beating the drums for a single-sex society. If so, heaven help us.

Our first warning of impending disaster was the curious news that campus sweethearts now demonstrate their affection by wearing the same cologne.

This is a peculiarly naive practice more easily associated with the innocent years when children exchange friendship rings or prick their fingers to commingle their blood in undying brotherhood. By the time one reaches college age, however, he (or she) should be able to apprehend that boys and girls are different.

We cling to the old-fashioned notion that life is somehow more stimulating when women smell feminine and men masculine. If you subscribe to this antiquated view, we can help you express it. In the unmistakeably masculine tradition of our original shop at 30 Duke St., London S.W. 1, we continue to offer these and other

Gentlemen's Imperatives by Alfred Dunhill



After Shave and Cologne in gift sets from $3.50. Also individually boxed. Wherever fine toiletries are sold and at all Alfred Dunhill Shops.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 142-143; other views, yardages, details)



Above: At-home costume by Dior—Vogue Pattern 1309; pyjamas, overskirt, and stole. For size 14, pyjamas require 5 yards of 45″ fabric; overskirt, 3 yards of 54″ fabric; stole, 1⅝ yards of 54″ fabric; all, with or without nap. Sizes 10-16; $3. In Canada, $3.30. Pattern available November 25.



Above: Dinner pyjama by Laroche, Vogue Pattern 1310; culottes and overblouse. For size 14: culottes, 3¾ yards of 52″ fabric without nap; overblouse, 1 yard of 50″ fabric with nap; overblouse lining, 1 yard of 45″ fabric without nap. Sizes 10-16; $3. In Canada, $3.30. Pattern available Nov. 25.

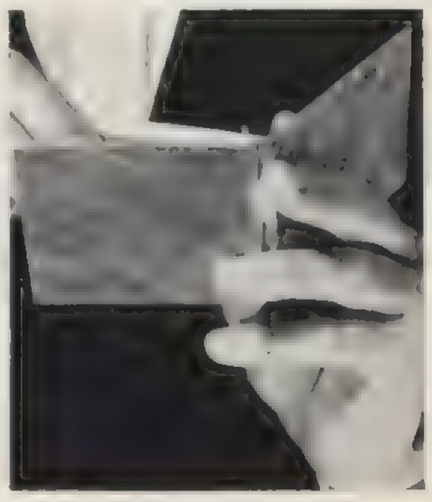
VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

IN VOGUE FOR MEN

Notes for the black-tie evening



Single-breasted black dinner jacket, above, for black-tie evenings both North and South. It has narrow peaked satin lapels, is made of a very lightweight blend of Dacron, worsted, and mohair . . . is cool enough to wear at any warm theatre or dance floor. Jacket by Lord West; about $115 at Finchley; Littler's. Below left, something to slip into the breast pocket of the jacket above: a brushed gold bill case for evening, square and flat . . . a very luxurious way to be left with the check. By Piaget. $330 inc. tax. At Boutique Cartier. When you're thinking big for Christmas, think along the lines of the square evening watch, below right. It's gold—even to the face—with a slender, flat gold mesh strap. Watch by Piaget. At Boutique Cartier.





ARTHUR TODD

CROSS-COUNTRY WHITE

Shoulder-strap handbag, ankle-high boots



When winter rolls in as white as this one—with snow-white, cream-white, off-white, oyster-white—well, it's simply time to kick up a storm of it all over the place. Here, white comes pure in an over-the-shoulder handbag of bleach-white grained cowhide. Two pouches, each with a zipper compartment. Leather from Legallet. By Park Lane; $12 plus tax at Lord & Taylor. Below, hair calfskin boots spotted in black on white, lined in fleecy pile. Curved top; black stacked heel. By Golo, of Leather's Best hair calfskin. Worn with tan-and-black nylon tweed stockings by Hudson; at Altman's.





IMPORTED?

Depends on which side of the ocean you're on. At St. Moritz, Head Skis are imported. At Sun Valley, they're not. Surprisingly, more skiers buy Heads in Europe than buy the best foreign skis over here.

On second thought, what's surprising about it? Head Skis have changed skiing everywhere in the world . . . made it easier to learn, easier to *enjoy* than wood skis ever did for fifty centuries B.H. (Before Heads). Their burnished black beauty hides the reason why . . . performance that is merely magical.

Heads seem to adapt themselves to both the skier and the snow. They float in powder, hold on ice, track like a missile, almost turn *themselves* when you tell them to. They win confidence for the tyro, trophies for the pro, years of fun for all fanatics in between.

If you want to import Heads, go to Europe. If you prefer to buy them duty-free, go to the finest ski shop in your area and ask for a pair of great skis.



Olympic poster, anyone? For a full-size, full-color version of our new ski poster pictured here, mail 50c to Head Ski Company, Inc., 41 W. Aylesbury Road, Timonium, Maryland, U.S.A. We'll send along definitive data on all Head Skis . . Standard, Shortski, Deep Powder (each $98.50), Master ($119.50), Vector ($132.50), Competition ($142.50), Youngster's Competition ($112.50). Plus poles ($24.50). Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over.

. . . and who makes great skis? HEAD *of course!*



BASIS FOR BARER EVENINGS



Basis for the deepest length of back, above: a strapless, backless black longline brassière just in time for this year's open-backed, bare-shouldered evening looks. Two-inch band of Lycra all around the waist. By Lady Marlene, in lace of Du Pont nylon, about $10. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

Basis for a double décolletage, below: a lacy black longline brassière, V'd in front, dipped in back. Firming front and side panels. By Strouse-Adler, of Lycra, nylon lace, and acetate, about $7. At Franklin Simon; Miller & Rhoads.



GENE LAURENTS

TICK-TOCK STUFF

More about the new big-time



A full-moon pocket watch with a gilt case, gilt numerals. Hung, here, from a black suède fob to pin, perhaps, on the lining of a handbag. It's shock-resistant and has an unbreakable mainspring. 17-jewel movement. By Helbros. The cuff link is gilt—round and spiky. By Robert Originals.



GENE LAURENTS

Square wristwatch that sits up high, like a tiny picture frame. The strap is white leather. Great when it's edging in. as here. on black-and-white gloves. By Oris. Shock resistant: with unbreakable mainspring, Swiss movement. $22*. Altman's.

*PLUS TAX

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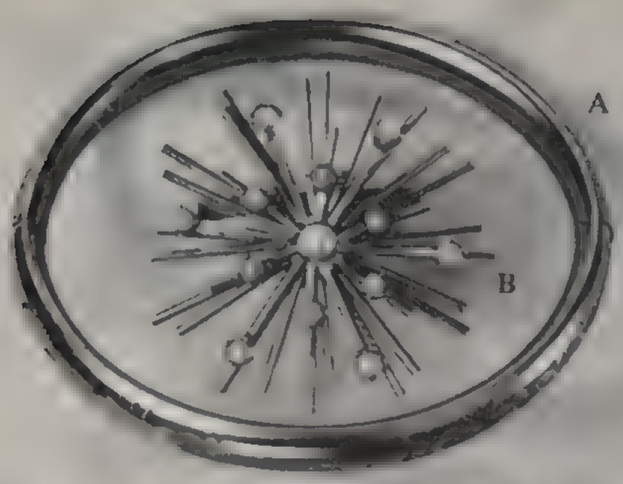
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CHERRY HEERING

LIQUEUR

Nothing expresses your best holiday wishes so handsomely as Denmark's famous Cherry Heering in its lustrous foil gift wrap. It's the difference between giving and giving grandly!





GENUINELY BEAUTIFUL by **BURT CASSELL**





Surround yourself in genuine beauty by Burt Cassell, leading manufacturer of gold filled and Scarab jewelry. Each pin and bracelet is 12K Gold filled. All bracelets are hand engraved. Item B, the sunburst pin, is set with genuine turquoise and lustrous cultured pearls. It may also be had with genuine sapphire and ruby combination for $30.

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A. $7.50 B. $15.00 C. $10.00 D. $3.00 E. $6.00 (All prices plus tax)

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The cruel chains of poverty



Like most children, Stephanie Kollias says her prayers when she goes to bed—but Stephanie's prayers are different. She prays for summer, not because school will be out, but because she will be warm. She prays for food, not just for herself, but for her parents and brothers and sisters.

Life has been hard work and hunger for as long as Stephanie can remember. There is little hope things will ever change. Only nine, she will leave school soon to work full time, trading the promise of a better future for a small amount of extra food now.

If not you...who?

You can help a child like Stephanie to a better today and a brighter tomorrow. Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION's self-help sponsorship program, your contribution becomes a helping hand, not a handout. A grant or loan will enable Stephanie's family and community to initiate self-help plans to break the cruel chains of poverty and to help them become self-supporting. It will give hope to the many children like Stephanie in Greece, Korea, Lebanon, Africa, and Latin America.

Serving Children for 31 Years

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

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I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ☐ girl ☐ boy in _____ or where the need is greatest ☐. (countries listed above)

Enclosed is my first payment: $12.50 a month ☐ $37.50 a quarter ☐ $75 semi-annually ☐ $150 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child—my contribution is $ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

Contributions are tax deductible. V-11-15-3

save the children

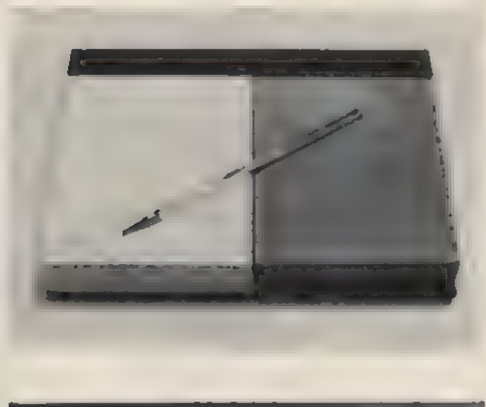
You will receive a photograph and history of the child you are helping plus correspondence and progress reports. Give a child help and give yourself the greatest gift of all—a child's love!

CHRISTMAS

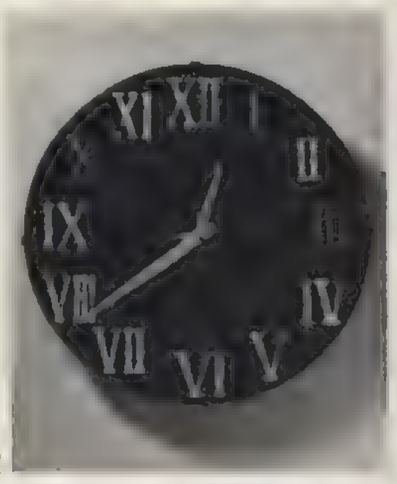
For cooks and their kitchens



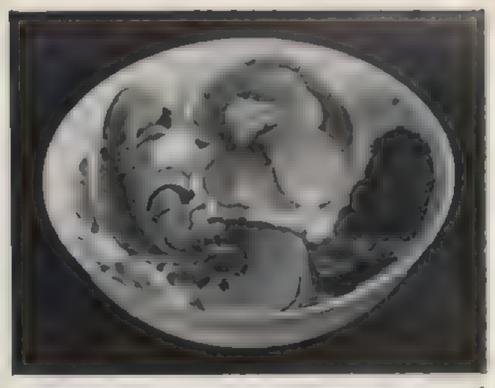
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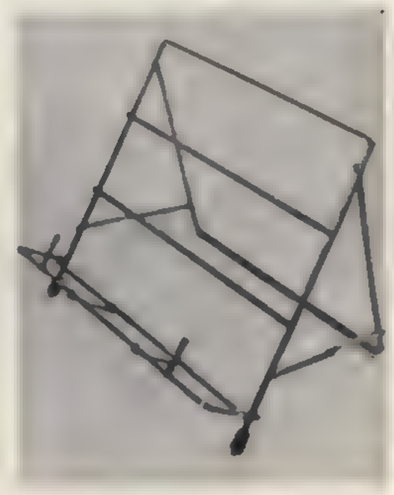
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7



4



8

1. "Pop art" clock has an open face and exposed works painted blue and red. 4½" across. $15 at Stark-Valla Emporium.
2. Huge ceramic wall clock, hand-sculptured in navy blue with white numerals, teak hands. 18" across. $150, America House.
3. Yellow plastic grater from Sweden with three stainless steel blades; grated food is caught inside. $4.60. La Cuisinière.
4. A Mexican wire compote for kitchen-counter storage of eggs, fruit, or vegetables. 9½" high, $8.50, Serendipity.
5. A red pad for "on-fire" memos; a white pad for "on-ice," come with ruler pencil, in a black leather holder; $10.50, by Eaton, at Bergdorf Goodman.
6. White bone porcelain bowl by Rosenthal, 16" across, with an etched flower design by Alain Le Foll. $100, Altman's.
7. Newly in from Ireland, a Waterford copy of an old Waterford crystal candlestick; 8" high. $25 a pair, Altman's.
8. To keep the cook in touch with the recipe, a brass rack to hold a cookbook open. $13, Hammacher Schlemmer.

PRESENTS

and their entertaining tables



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GRIGSBY 4



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1. Three silver-plated cups swing by one handle for serving condiments, bonbons, and nuts. By Wallace, $22.50*, Macy's.
2. Nice having, nice holding: Orrefors hock glass, a shapely new development in Swedish crystal. $4.50, Bonniers.
3. French pottery plates with French country scenes—all different; 9½" across. 6 for $18, Bergdorf Goodman.
4. A pair for cake: white porcelain handles, golden working ends; 8 forks and spoons, $32, Carole Stupell Salon.
5. A pair for butter: heavy crystal butter dish, 2½", $6.50; small crystal spreader, $7, Baccarat.
6. Plates from Italy, each painted with a different flower design, a raised swirl of a border; 8½" across. $6, Soupçon.
7. Trompe-l'oeil card plates—each card is individually painted on brown-marble china and a set of 12 shows every card in the deck; 8½" across. $30 each, Tiffany.
8. A spicy play of jade and sterling silver: jade salt dish, silver spoon and pepper cylinder. $22.50*, Jansen Shop.

* PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Wm. S. Cox, Business Manager.

PORTILLO:

After the snow—this is The Night Life



Portillo flicks on a special kind of charm around six. Everyone turns up in the lounge, with its big, fragrant wood-fire—relaxed and talky; the women really pretty in evening sweaters and pants. The scene here is a cocktail party given by the Vogue crew, at which guests genially posed with Vogue models, while their wives looked on, amused. *Above*, Mr. Louis de l'Aigle Munds, junior, who, with his attractive red-haired wife, Mary, runs a marvellous boutique in Barbados. Our model wears a black wool sweater, embroidered with chain-like loops of gilt; gold chains added. *Below*, Mr. Jorge de Lyon is married to one of Chile's great beauties; with his wife, Blanca, he helps oversee his family's vineyards—among the most famous in Chile. Vogue's model wears a turtleneck sweater checked in big blocks of bright pink and white, and knitted pink pants. Sweaters by Marchesa di Grèsy for Mirsa. At Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin.



SKI INCIDENTALS— IN THE CHILEAN ANDES:

Champion skiing at a great old resort

The glorious powder snow photographed for pages 106-125 of this issue is exactly the way Portillo, Chile, looked last August. What doesn't show in print: the zingy high air, the echoing small sounds of the colossal Andes, and the way one feels—as bouncy as a happy child. At a time when American and European skiers are often water-skiing, South Americans are simply skiing.

That is when The Life begins at Portillo. The eighteen-inch mousse of snow which starts around the end of June lasts through September. The same marvel happens in New Zealand's Southern Alps, which lie, as do the Chilean Andes, below the Equator.

Portillo is actually only a hotel, a lonely pink curve in an ice floe in a treeless basin some nine thousand feet high, circled by the Andes—rising bare, brown, and streaked, to twenty thousand feet. Portillo's rhythm is Spanish, its late hours imposed by the Andes; the sun hits late, around 10:30 A.M. Everything then moves accordingly, with dinner about 10:30 P.M. The nightclub closes at 4 A.M.

After morning skiing, people generally return for drinks and sun to the hotel's long, broad terrace streaming with flags like the United Nations' Plaza. There, guests order such local drinks as *pisco sour*, which tastes like a rum sour, or, *Reina Victoria*, a smooth blend of Chilean brandy, orange juice, Cointreau, and egg. Drinks plus a many-course lunch last over two hours. At five, when the ski lifts close, skiers turn back through plum-dark shadows to the hotel for tea and *panqueque*, a tissue-thin pancake with blackberry jam.

International champions come to train every summer on the sweep of open slopes. There, the 1966 F.I.S. Alpine Ski Championships will be held.

Among the fresh Portillo additions planned for 1964: some thirty rooms in an octagonal annex; sauna-baths; a glass-walled, heated pool. Double room for two and meals, $24 to $28. The best rooms are on the sunny and terrace side of the hotel, facing the long lake.

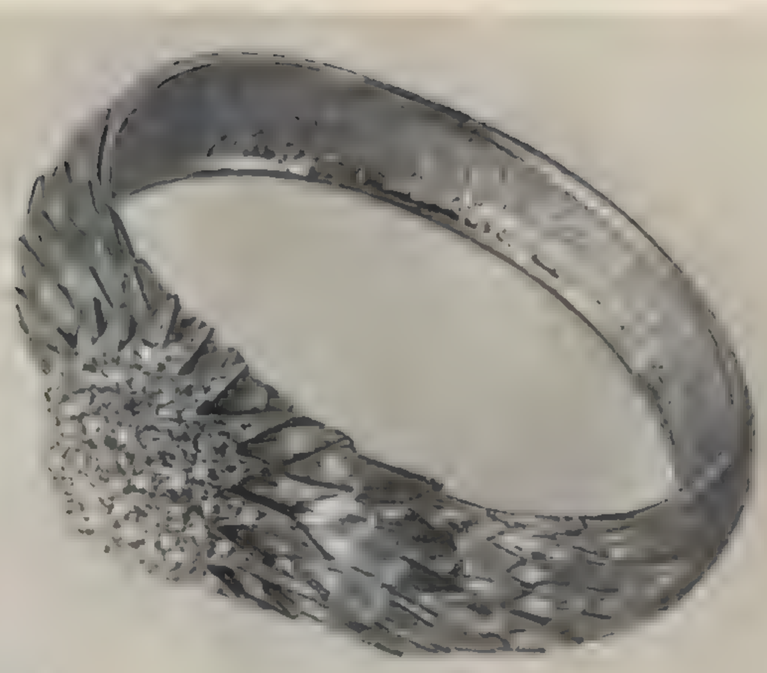
Flying to Santiago: For passengers flying aboard Panagra, the transition from summer to winter involves twelve hours' flying time from New York.

Surprisingly enough, the cost for this distance, roughly twice as far as New York to London, runs considerably less. Round trip from New York to Santiago in economy class comes to $599; in first class $1,130. The 45-day excursion in first class comes to $950. For ski paraphernalia, Panagra charges $10 each way from New York, but only $7 from Miami.

After landing at noon in Santiago, Chile's capital city—where in August it is winter with the trees leafless, the people in heavy coats—skiers often go to the Carrera Hilton, a warm comfortable hotel, its lobbies a zzz of people arriving, leaving, meeting friends.

Two good restaurants: Mervilles has Spanish food not drowned in oil; Emilio's is a bistro where the specialty is local game.

From Santiago to Portillo takes up to four hours, first by car and then by train. If skiers leave Santiago at ten in the morning, often in a thick fog, they drive for two hours over steep curling roads through bare country—where only cacti grow—to the sunny farming village of Los Andes. There they board an electric train for a two-hour ride, the whistle blasting endlessly. After climbing beyond the timber line and cutting through gorges, skiers finally arrive at Portillo's dreary station shed, a disappointment until they find themselves at the Hotel Portillo where The Life begins.



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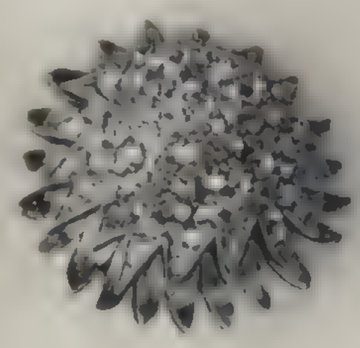
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SKI CALENDAR:

Where to ski when—all over the world

NOVEMBER, beginning around Thanksgiving and until April. The Colorado Rockies: Vail, Aspen, Crested Butte. . . . Idaho: Sun Valley, Schweitzer Basin new this winter. . . . California: Squaw Valley, Sugar Bowl, Mt. Shasta. and at Mammoth Mountain until July—its big race on July fourth. . . . Utah: Alta, Brighton, and Park City opening this winter. . . . New Mexico: Taos, Ruidoso. . . . Washington: Stevens Pass and Ski Acres. . . . Oregon: all year on Mt. Hood; last summer the American team trained at nearby Bend for the Olympics. . . . Wyoming: Jackson Hole. . . . Montana: Grizzly Peak.

Western Canada at Banff is a strong possibility for the 1968 Winter Olympics, November to June.

Alaska: Mt. Alyeska, where the Nationals were held in April 1963.

DECEMBER, mid-December with luck, in full swing for the Christmas holidays until late March.

Canada's Laurentians, thirty ski areas along the autoroute leading out of Montreal; Mont Tremblant.

In New England, Vermont's Green Mountains: Stowe, Sugarbush. Mad River Glen. and until mid-April at Killington Basin. . . . New Hampshire's White Mountains. Mt. Cranmore; Tuckerman Ravine good until late May (Memorial Day). . . . Maine's Sugarloaf, until late April.

In the Middle West, Mt. Boyne and Otsego in Michigan.

In the Alps—Swiss, French, Italian, German—these special spots for Christmas holidays: St. Moritz and Gstaad, Switzerland. . . . Chamonix and Val d'Isère, France. . . . Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. . . . Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria. . . . Zürs, Austria. . . . *Note:* Russians often ski until early April in the Caucasus and the Ural Mountains. Their champions usually train at Alma Ata at the foot of the Tien Shan Mountains.

JANUARY skiing begins in North Africa, Scandinavia, the Middle East, India, Japan.

Morocco: Oukaimeden in the High Atlas Mountains. . . . Lebanon, the Cedars of Lebanon. . . . Iran, on the open slopes of Abeali.

In Scandinavia: its surprisingly short season—mainly cross-country skiing in the fells—runs to March. Sweden: Salen and Åre. . . . Norway at Geilo, Oslo. and Voss. . . . Above the Arctic Circle in Finnish Lapland, Pallastunturi.

India's hill stations during January and February, especially Simla on the slopes of the Himalayas, turn into winter resorts. The ski terrain, however, varies enormously from season to season.

In the Alps of Japan, booming with ski resorts, these four are within five hours of Tokyo: Shiga Heights, Iwappara, Mt. Zao, and Kusatsu. In addition, Kusatsu has sulphur baths. Less than three hours away lie Nikko and Mt. Fuji.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH is the peak season for most ski places when the snow conditions *should* be at their creamiest best.

In Europe's great Alps, France's Courchevel, Megève, Alpe d'Huez. . . . In the Tyrol, St. Anton and Kitzbühel; at Innsbruck, from January 29 to February 9, the flush of excitement will be the Winter Olympics. . . . Among Switzerland's long list of ski places—Davos, Klosters, Zermatt, Crans, and a fresh young spot, Verbier. . . . Italy's high spot, Sestriere. . . . In Yugoslavia on the Julian Alps in Slovenia are Maribor and Kranjska Gora, which is thirty minutes away from the great ski jump at Plancia.

Beyond Europe's Alpine fence, Poland's Zakopane. . . . Scotland's Glencoe through April. . . . Greece, Mt. Vermion in Macedonia. . . . Turkey's open slopes at Bursa on Mt. Olympus. . . . Spain, La Molina, in the Catalan Pyrénées. . . .

APRIL AND MAY—Spring skiing. In Austria, the long season at Zürs runs from November to middle May; high in the Tyrol at Obergurgl, mid-November to late May, but the best skiing is in April. . . . In Sicily down from the slopes of Mount Etna, skiers sometimes swim at Taormina; Cervinia, over the hill from Zermatt, the ski school stays open twelve months. . . . In France's Val d'Isère, spring skiing on the Bellevarde. . . . In Norway's Finse, spring skiing is the best.

JUNE: among the summer places there is the Argentière glacier above Chamonix in the Haute Savoie where the French ski team practises all summer at the top of the Flégère lift. . . . New cable cars lift skiers from Garmisch to the broad fields on the top of the Zugspitz. . . . *Note:* Near Salzburg, at the Weiszee-Gebiet. the ski school runs throughout the summer.

JULY. AUGUST. SEPTEMBER. In the Italian Alps, at the nine thousand foot Stelvio Pass. ski weather runs on until October. In those countries below the equator winter is our summer. In New Zealand. the Southern Alps at Coronet Peak have powder snow. To reach the glacier skiing on Mt. Cook and Tasman glacier, skiers ride Cessna airplanes with their ski equipment hooked under the wings. On the North Island, the big ski region is Château Tongariro on Mt. Ruapehu, a quiet volcano with a pool where skiers swim in naturally heated water.

Australia's three ski areas: Thredbo on the snow fields of Mount Kosciusko in New South Wales: Falls Creek and Hotham Heights, both in Victoria; and Ben Lomond, the high point on the island of Tasmania.

In the Andes of South America, ski trails on Colombia's Pico El Ruiz and in Bolivia's Chacaltaya, both over seventeen thousand feet high, stay open all year. . . . In Chile, the three resorts in the Andean cordilleras—Portillo, Farrellones and La Parva—have their great white season in August. . . . Argentina's ski tract is Bariloche.

THE UN-HOLLOW CROWN

The romantic (and true) story of a famous bath oil



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

Bath oil, that fragrant, emollient, and luxurious commodity, has caused a small revolution in the bathing habits of American women—most of whom now consider a hot bath without it as just so much dull, steamy water. Oddly, the most famous of all bath oils, Abano, owes its existence to a large revolution, the Russian one—which cast up on these shores in the early 1920's a charming, urbane Russian nobleman, Prince Georges Matchabelli. He opened a small boutique on Madison Avenue called Rouge et Noir, where he sold antiques, "Parisian Novelties," Russian and Egyptian cigarettes, and "Individual Perfumes." (Though trained as a geologist, he had blended perfumes as a hobby.) In no time, the perfumes outgrew the shop, and the Prince started a perfume business; as its symbol, he designed a unique crown-shaped bottle. A few years later he added to the perfumes a richly-scented bath oil called Abano—the word for bath in Southern Russia—actually an amalgam of Indian oils, French herbs, bitter orange from Paraguay, and Mediterranean flowers, its fragrance superbly released by hot water and vapourous, steamy air. . . . Although the Prince died in 1935, his delicious creations go on invincibly. *Above*, a bottle of Abano bath oil, a crown-shaped cake of Abano soap, in front of Prince Matchabelli's original Rouge et Noir order book—in it the orders of distinguished clients were typed on red paper and signed by them.



PRESENTS FOR ROOMS AND BOARD



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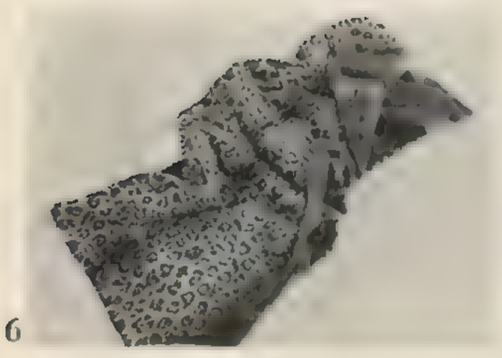
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1. A silent ticker for a bed table: a small Cromwell clock by Sheffield, in brass. 3½″ high. $14.30*, Best & Co.

2. Brass kerosene lantern from Portugal to be carried around, or to keep food warm; 7″ high, $10, W & J Sloane.

3. For a man who likes money, old or new, a slender, golden ballpoint pen, a Greek coin at its head. $7.50, Bronzini.

4. The famous Meissen "Blue Onion" pattern has finally met up with plastic; 20″ tray, $8; 18″ mat, $1, by Stotter at Altman's.

5. Swedish crystal paperweights, each in brilliant blues and greens by Mona Schildt; 2″ high. $35 each, Georg Jensen.

6. Jaguar-printed Dynel throw, red-lined, for a chaise, a settee, or an auto; 70″ by 54″. $85, Bonwit Teller.

7. A rotating light sphere set, like sculpture, in a black metal cube. By Stiffel, from Italy; 9″ high. $87.50, Bloomingdale's.

8. *Faux-bois* porcelain tea service with Piranesi-like black designs. Cup and saucer, $9; plate, $7; Bergdorf Goodman.

9. Fur to keep a sofa warm: 18″ pillows, civet-stencilled rabbit and grey mink gills, $69.50* ($89.50* with *passementerie* trimmings), Harold Rubin.

10. Silver-plated frames by Webster to go it alone or enclose a Christmas photograph. 4″, $4*; 5″, $5*; 7″, $6*; Macy's.

11. For bedside, a sterling silver Thermos by Tuttle to keep things iced or hot: 2¼ pints. $175*, Georg Jensen.

12. A French ice bucket swathed in violet-printed linen, laminated for permanent bloom; 7″ high. $20, Porthault.

13. This monkey pitcher's business is to store and pour liquid —milk or Martini; 9″ high. $17.50, Henri Bendel.

14. Hand-carved wooden boxes for cigarettes or stamps; hand-wrought silver hardware. 3″ long, $4; 4″, $5; 5½″, $7.50. De Pinna.

15. To show attractively a master drawing: a steel easel with gilded finials; 11½″ high. $75, Jansen Shop.

16. To hold down the memos and keep up a schedule, a silvery metal paperweight-clock, 3½″ diameter. $8.80*, Serendipity.



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GR GSBY



16

*PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

(Continued from page 154)

his pay from the city administration. Milan has been building at the rate of some 120,000 rooms a year. Its streets vibrate with the screech of speeding Fiats and Vespas, the whine of brakes, the ringing and rumbling of trolley cars claiming their right of way. An overwhelming smell of low-grade oil and soft coal burned by the city's almost 40,000 factories annihilates any of the vegetable, floral, culinary scents associated with the Latin countries. Progress obscures history into near oblivion. The awesome Sforzesco Castle and the ponderous Duomo are the only dominating monuments of past tradition.

Yet this city, which on first impression seems a bustling, hectic marvel of efficiency and initiative, has another pole of attraction: the warmth and generosity of the Milanese character. Milan is at a time in its history when it combines the advantages of a small town and a large capital. Its inhabitants have that admixture of curiosity, sympathy, and sense of duty towards the foreigner which from earliest times has constituted the essential meaning of the word "hospitality." The amiability of the Milanese character has kept the city intimate despite the excitement of its growth; it combines courtesy with a fervent receptivity to avant-garde ideas, Nordic initiative with Latin gallantry, the efficiency of New York with the excitement in the arts of Paris. Milan could be compared to one of those infinitely capitivating women whom the French call a "belle laide," a woman whose beauty one gradually discovers after being seduced by her vitality.

Once enamoured, my love "crystallized," as Stendhal would have said, upon the discovery of many beauties: the splendour of Milan's rose-and-bisque roofs when seen from a height on a clear day, they jut and tumble against a panorama of snowy Alps; the matchless Romanesque porch and courtyard of Sant' Ambrogio, added in the twelfth century to the church of Milan's patron saint; the delicate moss-covered Renaissance cloister at Santa Maria delle Grazie; the nostalgic remains on the outskirts of the city of Leonardo's Naviglio, where, in green water, women launder by the side of a Leonardo lock; the treasures of the dusty and magnificent Biblioteca Ambrosiana, which shelters in one particularly ill-lit hall Raphael's great cartoon for the School of Athens; the ochre splendour of the Palazzo Litta on the Corso Magenta; the grace of Milan's numerous Baroque courtyards, so often intact behind prosaic new façades; the majesty of the private gardens hiding still further behind the Doric arches of the courtyards. There is much more than the Brera to see in Milan; and it is the very secretiveness of the city's beauty, its chaste reticence to the tourist eye, that makes me love it as much as its magnificent and flashy rival to the South, Rome.

Part of Milan's seduction, no doubt, is created by its desire to prove that although less glamorous than Rome, it is more lovable, industrious, cultured, creative, and generally more important to the world. The rivalry between the two cities has few modern parallels. Romans accuse the Milanese of crass materialism, humorlessness, and the cult of Mammon. Milanese censure Romans for laziness, selfishness, frivolity, and complain that "Milan labours while Rome spends." The emblem of Rome, S.P.Q.R., is translated in Milan as "Sono Porci, Questi Romani." ("They are pigs, these Romans.") The pleasure-loving Romans retort by calling Milan "the moral capital of Switzerland."

A century and a half of Austrian occupation might be at the heart of Milan's Nordic character: it is a Spartan town devoid of the leisurely and amorous habits associated with Latin countries. The daytime tempo of the city is *prestissimo, vivace,* and its inhabitants seem all to be rushing punctually through a series of urgent appointments. The Milanese finds no time for the aimless promenading of Rome or Florence, the gesticulating street-corner discussions of Naples, or the leisurely stops in cafés, which are the habit throughout Mediterranean countries. He tends to abstinence, seldom walks for pleasure, talks briefly and to the point. The only large cafés in Milan are the handful in the Victor Emanuele Gallery reserved, in local opinion, for tourists and small-time businessmen. In place of cafés, chains of antiseptic "Motta" and "Alemagna" dot the city every few blocks, offering sandwiches, *dolci, gelati* and *semi-gelati* in hygienically-sealed, thermostatically-controlled glass shelves. In these prophylactic marvels the Milanese consume their food standing at the counters with a grim and hurried determination.

No other European town has a bustling daytime pace so fraternal to New York, yet no Italian town is stiller at night. After nine o'clock one could be in Amiens, Basle, Toronto, in any early-rising Northern town more credibly than in Italy. The city's few nightclubs, sparsely-frequented during the week, are discreetly hidden in cellars. No music and little laughter emerges from the *trattorias* devoted to the serious degustation of Milan's solid and unimaginative cuisine. Concierges lock the doors of their buildings at nine o'clock, and if there are after-dinner callers, old gentlemen stand patiently at their doorsteps waiting to let their visitors in. The nightly-illuminated shops of the Via Manzoni offer repetitive arrays of expensive leather goods, luxurious hand knits, and the most splendid office furniture made in Europe. Milan's only massive array of neon-lights flares out, Fellini fashion, in front of the deserted Duomo, praising the relative attributes of Cinzano, Longines Watches, and Air-India.

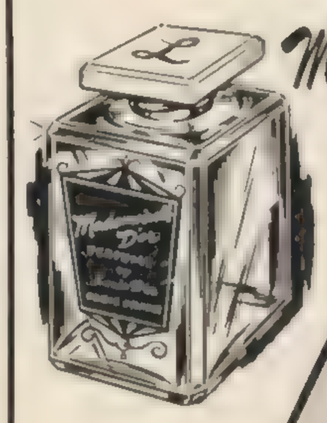
A witty Roman once explained to me that Milan is the drudging, prosperous businessman who has to pay for the whims of Rome, a beautiful, lazy, and expensive courtesan.

(Continued on page 180)

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MILAN: A CAPITAL IN SEARCH OF A COUNTRY

(Continued from page 179)

Few great European cities were built so strictly for business, with such little possibility for frivolity and with such total disregard for beauty of site. Milan was founded in a fetid swamp of the Lombard plain and was called in Latin "Mediolanum" because of its advantageous commercial position between the territories that are now France, Switzerland, and Austria. The water lying five or six feet under the city's surface denies it the possibility of a sense of history: instead of building upon past structures, the Milanese have always been forced to destroy radically and start anew to avoid sinking into the marsh. Modern Milan has one of the smallest areas of greenery of any European city. It crowds its two million inhabitants, eighty percent that of Rome, into an area one third that of the capital. In 1963 the chimneys of the forty thousand factories producing petroleum, steel, textiles, lumber, chemicals, and ready-to-wear within the city limits create a custard-thick blanket of smog eight months of the year.

Milanese ear, nose, and throat specialists are said to be the wealthiest ones in Europe. The only reason to submit to this insalubrious climate, most of its citizens admit, is because Milan is the only "serious" Italian city to work in; the city's foul weather reinforces its efficiency and energy, attracting only people dedicated to work, and infectiously transforming the indifferent worker into a relentless one.

Milan's daily newspapers frequently publish surveys touting the city's full employment and stressing such heady statistics as "the average Milanese income has become the only one in Europe to equal the average American income." They stress Milan's high standard of living: there are three hundred thousand cars in the city, one telephone for every three inhabitants, and one out of every four concierges has a television set. A recent exposé in a weekly magazine was happy in its discovery that a good percentage of Milan's few beggars arrive at their posts of solicitation by car.

A newly-successful twenty-four-year-old painter once accompanied me to lunch at the "Ristorante Fiori Oscuri," a dim and elegant eating place where bustling waiters, avant-garde décor and the Olivetti typeset of the extensive menu indicated higher-than-average prices. The painter said, over our delicate hors d'oeuvres of whitebait and marinated mussels, that this was the favourite lunching spot of Milanese artists. Where, I asked, did the poorer artists lunch? "In Milan the artists are wealthy, too," the painter answered loftily. "If there are any poor ones, I do not know them."

But there is a dissenting point of view. A popular book recently published in Italy, *La Vita Agra*, "The Bitter Life," explains the attitude of many young Milanese by describing Milan as an hysterical, devouring metropolis become monstrous and impersonal through materialistic obsessions. Its author, Luciano Bianciardi, a young scholar from a quiet provincial town, feels increasingly stifled and dehumanized by a city overly devoted to economic progress. *La Vita Agra* is an eloquent and Utopian complaint against Milan's supermarkets, industrial fumes, washing machines, modern city traffic, and advertising salesmen, against its loss of sexuality, modern architecture, magazine editors, and captains of industry; it is as accurate a critique of the industrial civilizations of New York, Chicago, Tokyo, Hamburg as it is of Milan. But in Milan the phenomenon is newer.

In Milan the pace of work is Draconian. The dearth of time and of leisure colours the Milanese's attitude towards life: "I do not see my wife and children enough . . . there is no time. I have no time to read except in summer . . . I work too hard. . . . There is no *dolce vita* in Milan; we work too hard to misbehave . . . there is no time." The working schedule of Milan's executive classes is a ten-or-twelve-hour day, a six-day week. Three people: a young executive of the Pirelli rubber firm in his late twenties, a fortyish editor on a national magazine, and a fifty-year-old real-estate magnate described their day to me in closely similar terms. They rise at 6:45, leave for the office at 7:45, come home for lunch at one, return to their offices shortly before three, and seldom leave work before 8 or 8:30 in the evening. I have heard countless Milanese wives complain, in a bitter tone strikingly reminiscent of American women, that their husbands are too tired at night to talk about anything but business and to read anything but the newspaper. A Milanese journalist describes his townsfolk as men drugged with work, terrified of facing their Sunday leisure. Milan is the only city in Italy with a thriving psychiatric practice.

The working hours of Milan's unionized workers, a forty-five-hour week, is far less rigid than that of its executive classes. But some two hundred thousand of these labourers are forced to live outside Milan for lack of housing facilities, and many of them rise at four or five in the morning to arrive at work on time, not returning home until nine or ten in the evening. The housing crisis of the Milan periphery is the bitterest aspect of Milanese life.

It is hard to realize that some two million people have migrated into this region in the past two years from the provinces, mostly from the south and the region around Venice, to find their fortunes in Milan's industrial boom. The periphery is crowded with over ninety factory towns, some of which have doubled their populations in the past two years. The towns might be called "il Manchester, il Birmingham, il Leeds d'Italia."

With a prosperous city government weekly erecting hideous but hygienic new housing units to accommodate its labourers. Milan's industrial slums are salubrious compared to many others. But several families are often forced to crowd into one

room for months awaiting housing facilities. An economy of full employment, however, continues to bring increasing numbers of workers into the city. Battalions of men march out of the trains at the Stazione Centrale at six every morning "shoulder to shoulder, grey-faced, with sleepy and swollen eyes," as the author of *La Vita Agra* describes them, to board the overcrowded trams or buses that will take them to the factory districts at the other end of town. Others prefer to arrive on their own vehicles, infernally congesting the rush hours with their Vespas and bicycles. Typical of the Milanese initiative and optimism has been the attempt to facilitate commuting problems by building forty miles of subway tracks in a city where water lies five or six feet under the ground. The subway building, begun six years ago, is the city's only inefficient project. At present almost at a standstill, it has become the despair of a punctual population.

Stendhal had complained, in 1812, that "in Milan monotony kills pleasure . . . the only intrigues are marriages." The working schedule of today's *vita agra* society leaves little time for scandals. Milanese newspapers are strikingly devoid of those *dolce vita* headlines of drugs, sodomy, and licentiousness that weekly enliven the Roman press. There are about three fashionable balls a year. Cocktail parties are rare and, because of the men's late working hours, almost exclusively attended by women. Black-tie dinners are infrequent; the exhausted businessman will not stand changing for dinner, and prefers a small, intimate gathering at which he will relax over a game of cards, followed by an early bedtime.

Stendhal also wrote that "Milan's Royal Palace looks poor. Its mirrors are small and broken, its clocks unworthy. It could well use forty or fifty fine Jacob pieces." It seems to be a tradition of the Milanese to live unostentatiously, to entertain simply, and to hide their wealth. There is no palazzo in Milan to hold a candle to the great Roman ones, and the apartments of Milan's richest industrialists would be considered barely adequate *pied-à-terres* by less wealthy Romans. The Milanese businessman takes frequent trips to Switzerland where, to the desolation of Italian economists, he stores enormous sums in Swiss banks to hide his earnings from Italian taxation. A young collector of modern paintings keeps valuable Dubuffets, Klees, Mirós, and Pollocks carelessly stacked behind the furniture or in the dusty closets of his apartment without ever hanging them, offering the endearing explanation that he prefers to enjoy his treasures by himself rather than share them with others.

Such lack of ostentation even extends to Milanese women, whose simplicity of dress, unimaginative to the point of dowdiness, is antithetical to the Romans' inventive elegance. Except for the La Scala openings —a *concours d'élégance* that has few equals in Europe—social events in Milan seem exclusively attended by an army of indifferent black dresses and discreet pearls. Milanese women, who think of themselves as being more independent, cultivated, fluent at languages, deplore the ostentation of frivolous Roman women. A story circulates in Milan that two Roman women had finally learned a few words in a foreign language. They met at a ball and, examining each other's gowns, were overheard to exchange the words they had so laboriously learned: "Dior?" "Non. Cardin."

A powerful steel industrialist of Lombardy once told me, with that certain lack of humour of the earnest Milanese, that culture follows steel. It is one of the most unusual arguments I heard in favour of Milan being the cultural capital of Italy, but arguments are not needed: in spite of recently-increased cultural activity in Rome, the cultural supremacy of Milan is its most powerful historical continuity. La Scala, still considered the world's greatest opera house, continues to offer both the best singing in Italy and the most exacting audience anywhere.

Milan's Piccolo Theatre is unquestionably one of Europe's most accomplished and advanced repertory companies; the Milanese have enthusiastically received its recent performances of Brecht, Genet, and Arthur Miller. Italy's foremost publishing houses, Mondadori, Einaudi, Rizzoli, and Feltrinelli are all established in Milan. The combined national circulation of Milan's five leading papers is well over one million, as against the under three hundred thousand of the two Roman dailies. The industrial designs pioneered by Olivetti remain the most aesthetically advanced in the world.

Painters and sculptors are divided between the two cities, but Milan holds the dean of Italy's most adventurous artists, the sculptor and painter Lucio Fontana, who says he would never live in Rome because "everything is so broken there." Milan's enthusiasm for contemporary painting, particularly for the young American school, is matched by few cities in Europe. Its seventy-seven art galleries are open six days a week until eight in the evening, some from four to eight on Sundays, and take the place of cafés as meeting places for many Milanese intellectuals.

The majority of Italy's important poets live in Milan. Rather than teach, they are apt to find their source of revenue in working for the publicity departments of large industries. The only inch of cultural ground the Milanese will give is to admit that most Italian novelists live in Rome. They add that Roman novelists are being ruined by the volatile film industry.

Milan has that hunger for renewal, that vitality and that force of character which is a deeper source of infatuation than conspicuous beauty. It satisfies one's sense of continuity that Stendhal, whose work centred around the cult of ambition, chose to live a good part of his life in a city which today seduces by its sheer energy. This Frenchman asked that the inscription on his tomb read: "Here lies . . . a Milanese." He believed that the origin of true love begins with admiration. Admiration is the source of my love for Milan, a miracle of human willpower.

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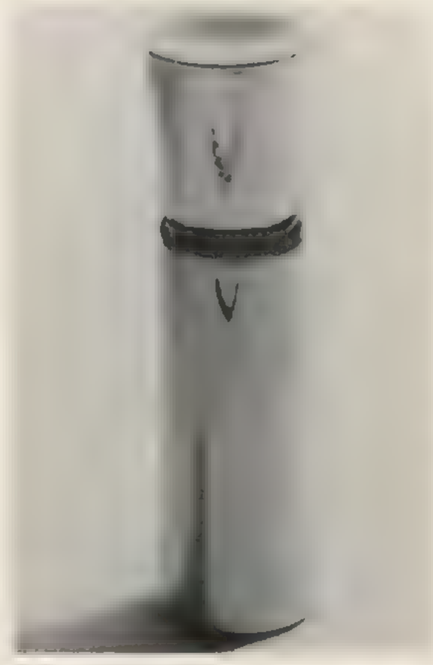
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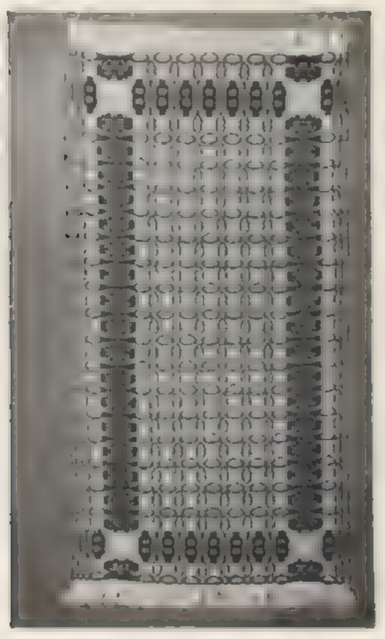
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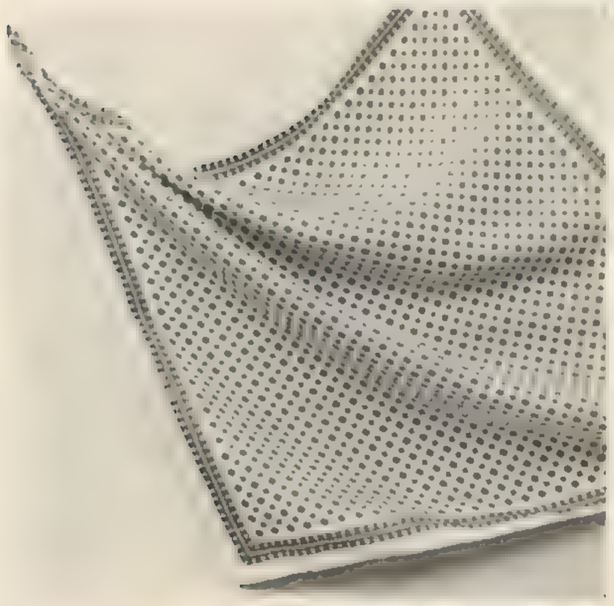
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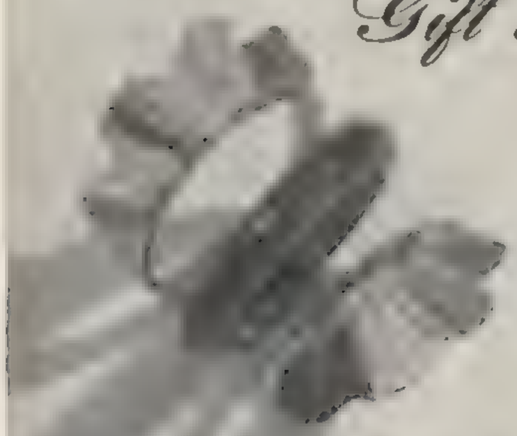
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COLORS: Black, Brown Navy, Teal, Beige $14.95
Also available in 100% Galey & Lord washable cotton at $10.95. All colors, also multicolor stripes.
Money back Guarantee
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House of Atukam
545 W. Broad St. Hazleton, Pa.



To brighten a pill-taker's lot: a natural horn pillbox, oval and Italian. By Rigaud, $3. Jo Hughes Boutique, De Pinna, 650 5th Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



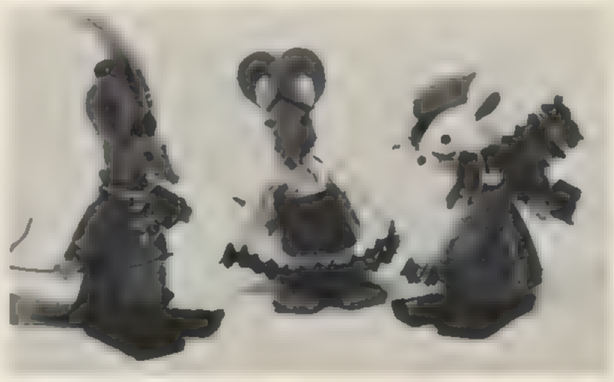
Add glimmer to a long dress: fringed golden evening shoes, low heels. Of metallized rayon. All sizes. By Rosalind Allan; $18. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.



DEERSKIN SPECIALS
SOFT, SMOOTH, WASHABLE
Our famous whipstitched 9" gauntlet deerskins just won't wear out, won't lose their superb soft quality. Fashion-right for dress or sport in white, beige, chocolate cream, cork, black. Sizes 6-8½. 2.99
(add 20c postage)
New 10" Gauntlets—same style, white, beige or black, same sizes—full 8 button length. 3.99
(add 20c postage)
HERE'S HOW CO. INC. V-38, 15 W. 26 St. New York, N. Y. 10010

135
GIFT IDEAS
A treasure trove of gift ideas for selective shoppers. 135 tasteful gifts at modest prices for the armchair shopper to choose from.
Print your name and address and send 25c for handling and mailing to:
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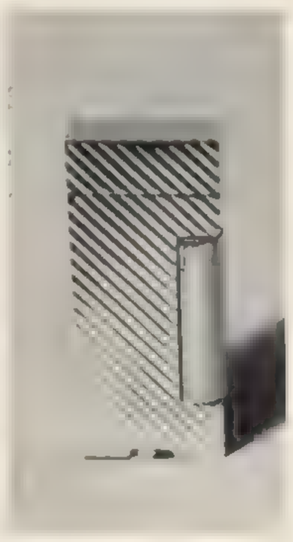
For fledgling collectors: tiny costumed mice of grey felt. There are cowboys, choir boys, grooms, et cetera. $2.75 ppd. Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N.Y.



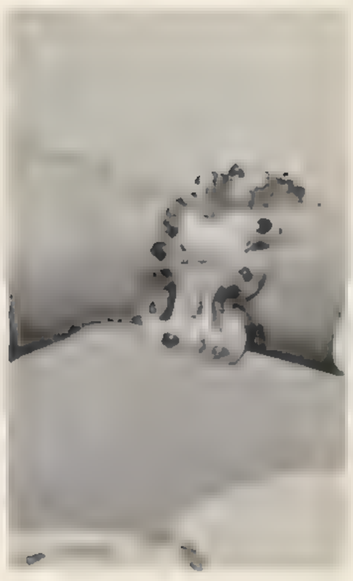
HOUND



Boots that take to water like an alligator—black printed plastic, covered-foam lining; leather heels. Sizes 5-10: $10.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Northport, N.Y.



Ribbed cigarette lighter for a woman; of 18-k. gold, small and thin enough to stash in an evening purse. $300 inc. tax. Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique, 746 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 19.



Wrist-hugging bracelet dazzled with many-coloured cabochons: of gold-plated metal, safety-chained. By Judith Green; $15 plus tax. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., New York 18.

Help for tired pedestrians: a refreshing new foot treatment—special bath, restorative massage by hand and by vibrator. Facial and dermatological treatments are given also. $5 for a half-hour session. Lucille Bouchard, Suite 401, Hotel Delmonico, New York 22, N.Y. EL Dorado 5-6190.

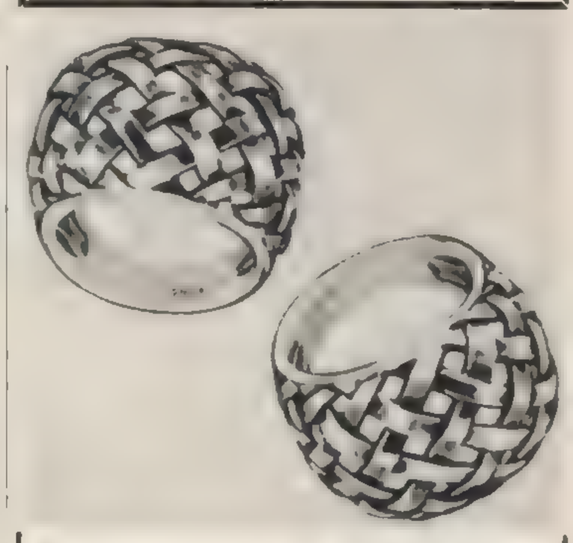
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VEST of Calfskin—black, brown or tan and white . . or dyed black American Broadtail. With matching wool backs. S.M.L. $59.50 for men also— Fed. Tax and post paid

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Complete Head Protection Against Winter Weather!

This famous Peruvian Ski Mask worn by Peruvian Indians high in the Andes to protect them against the bitter cold, now becomes the most popular ski accessory. Hand knit of soft colorful wool by these same Indians, no two masks are alike. This unique mask can also be worn rolled up as a jaunty cap. A marvelous unusual and useful gift for all winter sports. In sizes for men, women, children. Specify. **$3.98 ppd.**

Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order.

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A MAN'S WORLD

DEPT. V113, FLUSHING 52, N. Y.

Division of HOBI



Slate-blue cotton velveteen pullover, left, zipped to a knitted turtleneck top. Sizes S, M, L, XL. By Izod; $8.95 plus 35c postage. De Pinna, 650 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.

THE MAN'S GIFT



Personalized with his full name or three initials for the breast pocket of his well-tailored suit; of fine Irish linen, 20" x 20", hand-rolled, this handkerchief appeals to all men. Order name or initials in white or any masculine color.

$3.75 each; Box of three $10.50

Gift packaged & postpaid

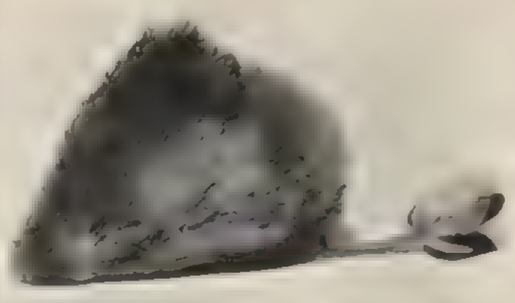
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The perfect gift for your favorite feline. Genuine mink filled with irresistibly fragrant catnip. Your cat will have endless hours of ecstasy with this practically indestructible toy.

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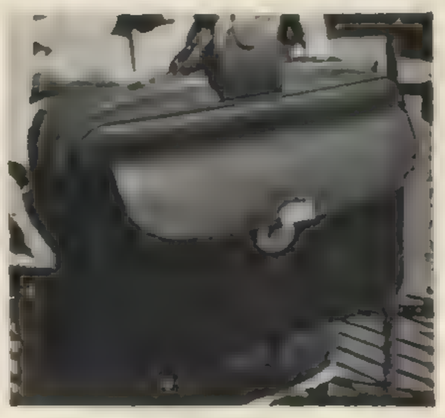
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Calif. residents add 12c Sales Tax per unit.



Overnight flight? A double-faced case is the answer. above: clothes in one side, papers in the other. Of brown Italian calfskin, $70 plus tax. Bronzini, 5 E. 52nd St., N.Y. 22.



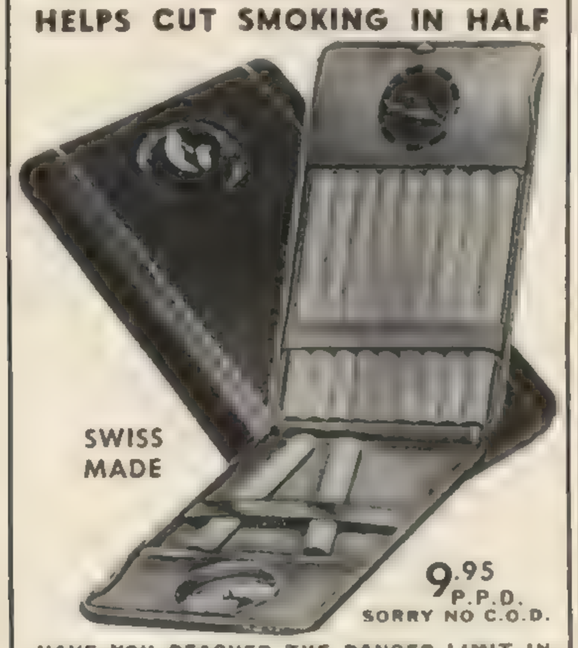
Deep-country winter weekends for the black Italian sweater. above: red trimming, V-neck. 38-44: $50. Battaglia. 473 Park Ave., New York 22.

Elegance

With

Built-In Will Power

HELPS CUT SMOKING IN HALF



9.95 P.P.D.

SORRY NO C.O.D.

HAVE YOU REACHED THE DANGER LIMIT IN SMOKING? With a simple turn of the dial, you can go from 10 minutes to 2 hours between smokes, with this amazing Swiss made **MEMO-SMOKE CIGARETTE CASE.** It locks you out of reach of a cigarette, until the time you selected expires. Then enjoy your smoke turn the dial and lock yourself out again. **THE MONEY YOU CAN SAVE WILL MORE THAN PAY FOR THIS ELEGANT PRECISION MADE IMPORT.** A perfect gift for men and women. Attractive billfold style, black Morocco grain with gold trim

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Your best way

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Handier holiday parties via a roll-around rattan bar, left; Victorian scrolls, made in Hong Kong. $49.95 ppd. Anne Davis, 347 E. 55th St., New York 22, N.Y.



Perfect for blazer pockets, 22" silk handkerchief, right; maroon with black. By Burmel; $2.50. Bonwit Teller, Fifth Ave. & 56th St., N.Y. 22.

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HOUND FOR MEN



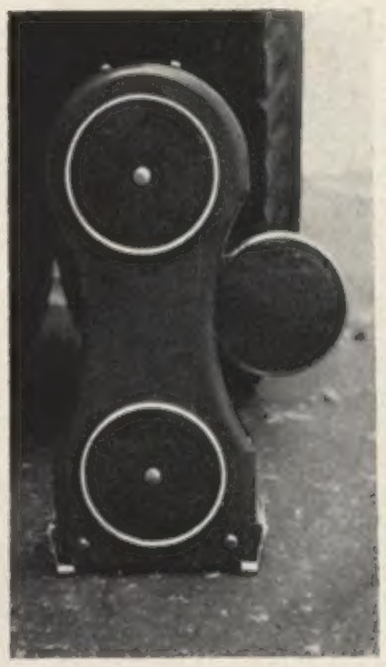
For a day in the country: green suède jacket, at right; knitted collar, pocket trimming. By David Church; sizes 38-46. $90.60 ppd. Bergdorf Goodman, Fifth Ave. & 58th St., N.Y. 19.



Tie for town: silk and slim. Red/maroon, navy blue/medium blue, blue/green. By Wembley; $3.50. Saks 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.



Idea for organization men: grey Italian calfskin briefcase, above; disappearing handles, two outside pockets. $65 plus tax. Arden for Men, 1 E. 54th St., N.Y.



Necessity for long-distance drivers, right: a battery-powered distress signal in case of a highway breakdown. The "Flagman," $9.95 ppd. Kent Luggage, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.



ARTHUR TODD

Traveller's suitcase brightened, left; a toiletry case of red gros point, leather trimming. By St. Thomas; $8. Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22.

THE IDEAL DIFFERENT GIFT



#19

#21 LORGNETTE

Magnifying Glasses

Glamorous and useful. Now you can read phone books, stock quotations with ease and elegance. High quality magnifying glass lenses make even the finest print legible. #21-Folds compactly into its own handle, available in rhinestone decorated or plain black, tortoise shell, demi amber with gold threads or black with silver threads. #19-Folding lorgnette available in rhinestone decorated black, pink or white. Please state second color choice.

Free case included

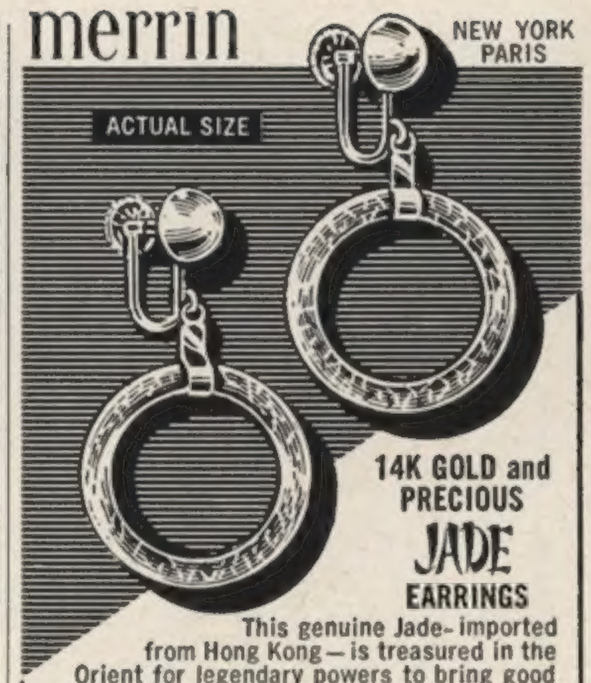
#21 $6.95 ppd. | #19 $5.95 ppd.

2 for $13 ppd. | 2 for $11 ppd.

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This genuine Jade-imported from Hong Kong—is treasured in the Orient for legendary powers to bring good fortune to its owner. Merrin doubles its magic in this pair of exotic earrings!

(Available for pierced ears on request.) $27.50*

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FOR HIM OR FOR HER

The world's tiniest radio—electronic years ahead. Not much larger than a book of matches—2"x2". The newest advance in Electronic Micro-Miniaturization. A prized possession for people who like to be years ahead.

You must hear it to believe such a tiny radio can produce such sound.

7 Transistors $29.95 8 Transistors $39.95

Complete with batteries—earphone & jewel box. In Red or Black with Gold trim.

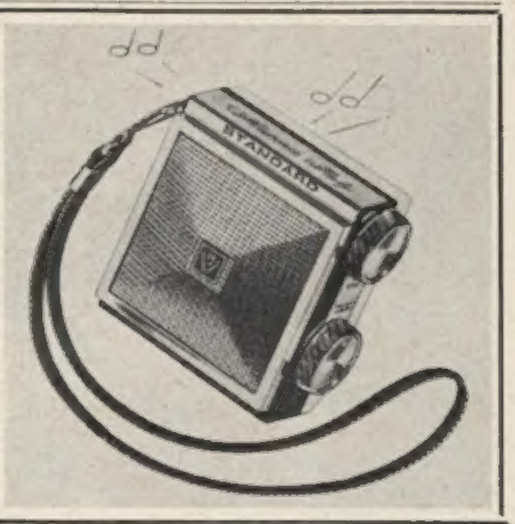
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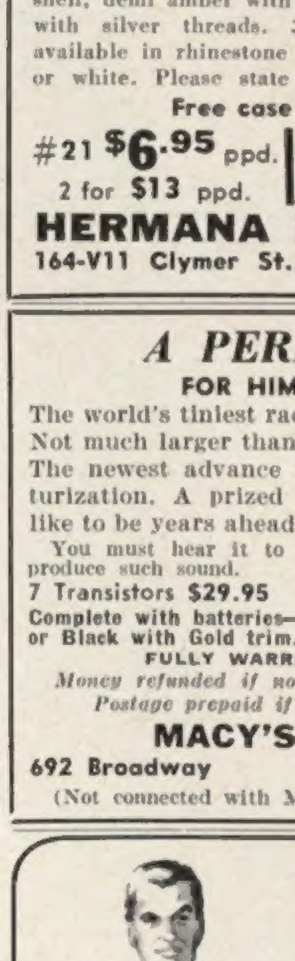
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$2.25 ea. 3 for $6

NOW! Tee-PJ's available in long sleeves with knit wristlets for colder weather comfort.

$3.25 ea. 2 for $6

All postpaid

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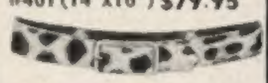
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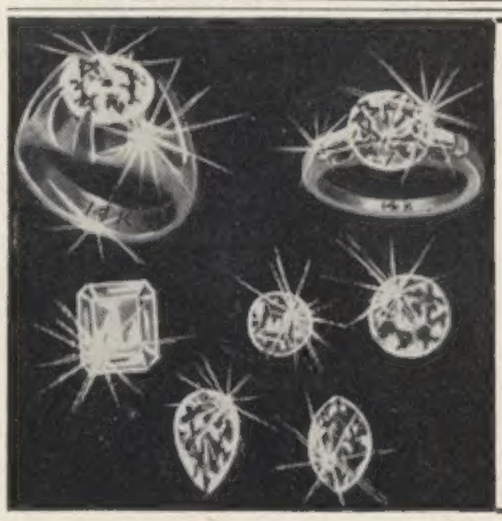


Ascot #724 ..... $27.50
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FREE BROCHURE showing many others.
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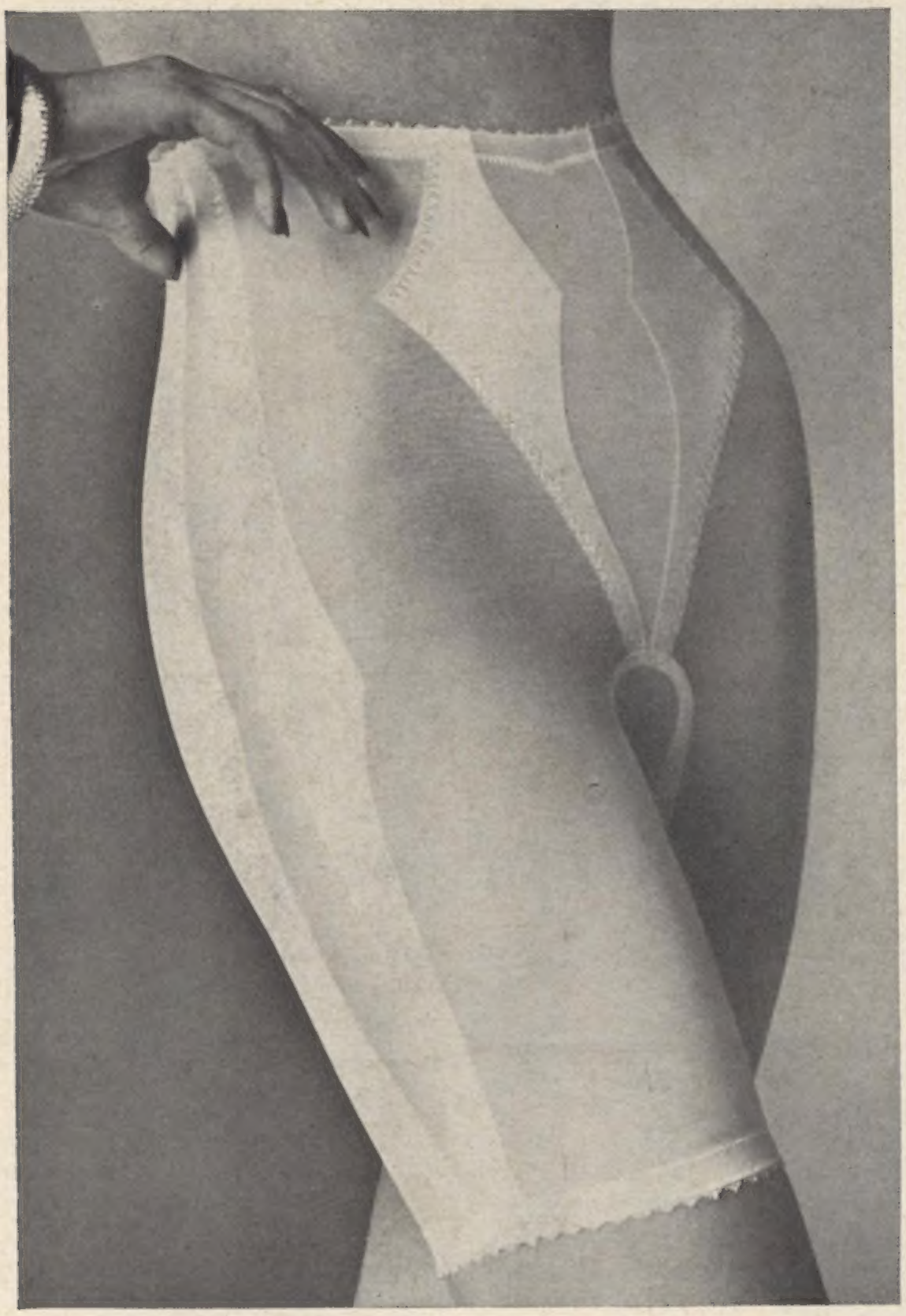
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OF
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FOR KNITs



GOSSARD'S NARROLINE

You'll love being taken in by Gossard's Narroline—the proportioned long leg pantie with the lickety-split hipline! Style 1523 for the average figure, style 1524 for the full-hip figure. Each in Lycra®, $15.

Nylon, Lycra Spandex power net. Panels: acetate, rayon & Lycra Spandex satin. Lycra is DuPont's registered T.M.

"where you can buy"—see column opposite

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE" "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers. To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

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Los Angeles	651-4612
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Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
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Hartford	247-7229
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Delaware	
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Des Moines	243-8758
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New Orleans	525-7866
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Newark	642-4967
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What you feel in a Warner's—isn't the girdle.

You don't feel the girdle because it's made with nylon and uncovered Lycra® spandex, the lightest girdle fabric of all.

What do you feel? Free? Definitely. Unrestrained? Positively. Uninhibited? Well, maybe. And that's something. Most paneled girdles are cut for paper dolls, not women. But this one knows what a woman is. Knows where her bones are. How she moves—breathing, running, wiggling, waggling.

Warner's® calls it the Wallpaper™ girdle in honor of the lean and hungry look it gives you. Match it with Warner's ingenious new Stretchbra.™ Even the straps stretch to make it as much a part of you as you. Wallpaper girdle, 10.95, pantie, 11.95. In white, black or blonde. Stretchbra, 5.95. White or black.



The classic, uncomplicated look of new hair styles has created the impression that all a woman needs is a brush. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Never have hair styles needed a hairdresser more.

Let us draw an analogy for you. The simplest dress is the hardest to make. The cut must be perfect, the line immaculate, the fabric absolutely right. It needs a great designer. So do hair styles. They stand or fall on the expertise of your hairdresser and her knowledge of permanent wave techniques.

Yes, you understood correctly! These styles need a permanent. A professional permanent.

A permanent is the beginning of every great hair style. The simple, uncomplicated styles are no exception. They require *un*obvious-looking permanents. And that kind of permanent demands the deftness and experience only a professional hairdresser has.

Your hairdresser doesn't *just* give you a permanent. Before she puts in the first rod she has many important decisions to make about the characteristics of your hair. Then she must decide what kind of permanent to give you, how to wrap it, when to neutralize it. These are things you couldn't possibly determine yourself unless you had her kind of training.

She also knows that the right permanent makes all the difference. It makes a hair style easier to set and easier for you to maintain.

Not only have the hair styles changed, permanents have changed along with them. For example, today's hair styles have permanent waves designed just for them. The newest is called Change of Pace by Helene Curtis. With Change of Pace as a beginning your hairdresser can set dozens of different hair styles. Each one will look "natural," yet last longer.

Can you have today's new look without a permanent? It's possible, but hardly practical considering the amount of time you'll have to spend every day.

So put your hair in the hands of the one person who makes a full time job of it. Your hairdresser. Let her give you the change you've been looking for. Chances are she'll begin your transformation with Change of Pace permanent by Helene Curtis. Available only at salons.

HELENE CURTIS